Comrades in Service

Margaret E. Burton

EDITED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE
MISSIONARY EDUCATION MOVEMENT
OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

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BY

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PREFACE

"What are you going to do with the gift of life?" We to whom this gift is still a new and untried thing are standing eager-eyed before this challenging question. What *are* we going to do with it? A few of us perhaps are replying, "I shall give my life to healing—or to teaching—or to farming—or to social service—or to business—or to the ministry—or to home-making." Most of us, however, cannot yet answer so definitely. There are so many things which we must think about; the kind of ability we have; the opportunities of training that are ours; the claims other people have a right to make on us; the needs and opportunities in different kinds of work; and like factors. It may be many months and years before most of us can say just exactly what we are going to do in the years to come. But is there not, after all, an answer to this question which all of us can make even now?

"What are you going to do with the gift of life?" The "Comrades in Service" of whom this book tells were very different from each other. They were of different nations and different races; they lived in different lands and spoke different languages. Some of them were rich and some were desperately poor; some had every opportunity for education and some had almost

none; some had social prominence and some were slaves; some were born into beautiful Christian homes and some were taught to worship idols. But as you become acquainted with these comrade-folk I think that you will find that they were all alike in the answer they made to that ringing challenge, "What are you going to do with the gift of life?"

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MARGARET E. BURTON.

Chicago, Illinois, *June* 1, 1915.

A SERVANT OF THE CITY

I have lived in the best of times, when you do not have to dream things good, but can make them so.

—*Jacob A. Riis.*



JACOB A. RIIS

A SERVANT OF THE CITY

Into the little tiled-roof house of a schoolmaster of the ancient town of Ribe, on the seacoast of Denmark, there was born one day in 1849 a little boy who was named Jacob. His father wanted him to become a schoolmaster like himself, and one of this little Danish boy's earliest memories was of being led, protesting, through the crooked cobble-stoned streets of Ribe to the schoolhouse. He evidently failed to make a good initial impression on the schoolmistress, for a large portion of that first day in school was spent in an empty hogshead, in whose capacious depths he formed a deep and undying hatred of school and all that pertained thereto.

Ribe was a wonderful place for boys. There was splendid fishing in the river and fine places along the forget-me-not-fringed banks where one could build fires and roast fish and potatoes. Once there had been a great castle in Ribe, and the moat around the green castle hill was now filled with long rippling reeds, growing higher than a boy's head, and making a perfect jungle in which to hunt for tigers and grizzlies, and other wild beasts. Perhaps it was because he so loved the clean free sweep of meadow and ocean and river, and so gloried in the stories of the sturdy Norsemen of olden

days, that Jacob Riis so hated the one tenement of Ribe, which rejoiced in the appropriate name of Rags Hall. Its crowded, dirty, spiritless atmosphere was such a contrast to all his boyish soul admired that, when he was about twelve years old, he took his Christmas gift of a shining silver "mark" (worth about twenty-five cents) and, holding it before the astonished eyes of the poorest and most "shiftless" householder of Rags Hall, announced that he would present it to him on condition that he would clean up his house and his children.

When Jacob was fourteen years old, he decided that he had had enough of school and would like to learn to be a carpenter. His father consented that he should serve a year's apprenticeship to the best carpenter in Ribe, and then go to Copenhagen as an apprentice to a great builder. For four years Jacob worked in Copenhagen learning his trade, and then, having received his certificate as an enrolled carpenter of the guild of Copenhagen, went home to Ribe to ask Elisabeth to be his wife. But Elisabeth said no, and with that answer all the light and laughter of life seemed blotted out for Jacob. He longed to go as far away from Denmark as possible and one May morning, with a curl of Elisabeth's hair in a locket around his neck, and only a little more than enough money for a steerage passage to America in his pocket, he set forth to try to forget his troubles in the life of a far-away country.

He landed in New York after a long and stormy

passage, and four days after his arrival joined a gang of men who were being sent to work at Brady's Bend Iron Works on the Allegheny river. At Brady's Bend he was put to work building huts for the miners, and very vigorously he went about his task in the effort to forget the terrible homesickness which attacked him every time he looked at the wooded hills which rose up on every side and seemed to him like prison walls shutting him away from the meadows of Denmark.

One July morning, when Jacob was working in the carpenter shop as usual, some one brought the startling news that France had declared war on Prussia, and that Denmark was expected to join forces with her old ally. Five minutes after the Danish boy had heard the news he was in the company's office, asking for his wages, and a few minutes later, having hurled his possessions into his trunk, he was running for the station, the trunk on his shoulder. The things which he had not been able to get into the trunk he sold for what he could get for them, and adding this sum to his wages was able to buy a ticket to Buffalo. He hoped that at Buffalo he would find Frenchmen who would be willing to help him get back to Europe to fight their enemy, but this was a vain hope, and he was forced to give his watch and his trunk and all its contents to a pawnbroker in order to get a ticket to New York. He reached New York with one cent in his pocket, but with high hopes of being sent at once to the front. There again, however, he was doomed to

bitter disappointment. The Danish consul registered his request to be sent to Denmark in case of war, but could do no more. The French did not seem to be fitting out any volunteer army, and no one was paying the passage of fighting men back to Europe. Riis pawned his revolver and his top-boots to pay his boarding-house bill, and then, having no money, set out for the country with all that he had left, a linen duster and a pair of socks, in a gripsack over his shoulder.

He walked till about daylight, then curled up in a wagon and went to sleep. It was an unfortunate place to select for a nap, for the wagon proved to be a milk cart, whose irate driver hauled the sleeper out by his feet and dumped him into the gutter before starting on his early morning rounds. About noon, footsore and faint with hunger, for he had had no food since the day before, Riis wandered aimlessly into the open gates of Fordham College. He sat down to rest under a tree, so exhausted and famished that when a kindly monk asked him if he was hungry, he confessed that he was, although he says that he had no intention of making such an admission. The food gave him strength to go on and at night he found temporary work with a truck farmer.

For several days Riis tramped through the country, doing odd jobs for his meals and sleeping in the fields at night, always trying to reach the sea in the hope of finding some way back to Denmark. Finally, his wanderings brought him back to New York where he

pawned his boots for a dollar, fortified himself with a good dinner, and bought a ticket to Perth Amboy, New Jersey, with what was left. From Perth Amboy he walked for two days, sustained by two apples, and at sunset of the second day arrived at New Brunswick. He spent the night curled up on a brownstone slab in the cemetery, and early the next morning was out looking for work. Finding nothing in New Brunswick, he went on to a town called "Little Washington," where he succeeded in securing a job in a brickyard. Here he stayed for six weeks, until one day he heard that a volunteer company was ready to sail for France. That night he started for New York, arriving there just after the company had sailed. Repeated appeals to the French consul were unavailing, and a plea to the captain of a French man-of-war in the harbor was equally so. Finally, however, it seemed as if his persistent efforts were to be rewarded. He succeeded in getting a job as stoker on a steamer which was due to sail for France in an hour. He ran all the way to Battery Place for his valise, and all the way back, arriving breathless just in time to see the steamer swing into the river beyond his reach. This was his last hope and he was again left penniless in New York.

It was now late autumn, too late to get employment on farms or in brickyards. The city was full of idle men and Riis's repeated efforts to find something to do were fruitless. Day after day he walked the streets trying to find work, and to forget the terrible hunger

which was his constant companion. Night after night he slept in the shelter of doorways or ash-bins, waked up time and again by the toe of a policeman's boot and told to "move on." But he says: "I was too proud in all my misery to beg. I do not believe I ever did. But I remember well a basement window at the downtown Delmonico's, the silent appearance of my ravenous face at which, at a certain hour in the evening, always evoked a generous supply of meat-bones and rolls from a white-capped cook who spoke French. That was the saving clause. I accepted his rolls as instalments of the debt his country owed me, or ought to owe me, for my unavailing efforts in its behalf."

There was just one bright spot in Jacob Riis's life during these dark days, the devotion of an adoring little black-and-tan, who had shared a doorway with him one cold night and had been the loyal companion of his miseries ever after. One terrible night of storm, Riis, drenched to the skin and unutterably wretched and hungry, with no prospect of shelter or food, was almost overcome by discouragement. Home and Elisabeth seemed hopelessly far away and unattainable and the dark river terribly near. Then the little dog pressed close against him for sympathy and banished the dreadful sense of desolation. Taking him up in his arms, Riis tramped through the torrents of rain to the police station and applied for shelter. The sergeant saw the drenched little dog under the tatters of Riis's ragged coat, and ordered him to put it outside. There was nothing else to do—to stay in the streets through such a

night was to perish—and most reluctantly Riis left his little friend curled up in a ball on the steps, waiting for him.

The police station was terribly crowded with the worst type of tramps, but Riis was utterly exhausted and soon fell asleep. He woke up long before morning, put his hand to his throat, and found that some one had cut the string around his neck and stolen the gold locket in which he had kept the little shining curl which he felt to be his last link with home. Heart-broken, he rushed to the sergeant with his story, only to be called a thief, accused of having stolen the locket, and threatened with imprisonment. It was too much, coming after days and nights of suffering, and all the bitterness in his heart poured itself out in angry words. He never remembered what he said, but he remembered that the sergeant ordered the doorman to put him out, and that the little dog, seeing the doorman lay unfriendly hands upon his beloved friend, sprang at him and buried his teeth in his leg. The doorman caught the little beast by its legs and beat out its brains against the stone steps, and Jacob Riis, mad with such rage as he had never before imagined, snatched up paving-stones from the gutter and hurled them at the police station until the frightened sergeant ordered two policemen to disarm him and take him out of the district. They left him at the nearest ferry, and he gave the ferryman his silk handkerchief to take him to Jersey City. For four days he walked along the railroad tracks, living on apples and an occa-

sional meal earned by odd jobs, and sleeping in empty barns at night. When he reached Philadelphia he found friends in need, in the Danish consul and his wife, who gave him a two weeks' rest in their home and then sent him to friends in Jamestown.

The following winter Riis spent in Dexterville, not far from Jamestown, felling trees and trapping musk-rats. It was during this winter that he first made his appearance upon the lecture platform. There was a society of Scandinavian workingmen in Jamestown who had had little opportunity for education, to whom Riis undertook to lecture twice a week on astronomy and geology. For several weeks he held his audience spell-bound by his learned discourses on the formation and development of the earth, illustrated freely with impromptu drawings of saurians, the ichthyosauri, and other prehistoric beasts. But when he attempted to explain latitude and longitude, his audience lost confidence in him. After he had struggled for some time to make the matter clear, an old sea-captain arose in the body of the house and declared that a man who could not explain so simple a thing as that evidently knew nothing whatever. The audience at once took the old captain's word for it and departed in a body, convinced that none of the amazing tales which they had been hearing were worthy of credence on the part of sensible men.

In the spring Riis walked from Dexterville to West-field, and in Westfield worked for a doctor for a month, earning enough money to take the train to Buf-

falo and begin life there with a few extra dollars in his pocket. At Buffalo he worked for a time in a lumber-yard, but lost his position before long by taking the part of some newly arrived German laborers who were being abused by a tyrannical foreman. He then went to work in a cabinet factory. It was while working in this factory that he first tried his hand at teaching. One of his fellow workmen was an elderly Dane, who had worked so hard in childhood that he had never had time for the rudiments of education. Riis undertook to make up this lack, and night after night the older man came to Riis's little bedroom and by the light of the little lamp soon learned to read and write the language of his adopted country.

After several months of varied experiences in Buffalo Riis accepted an invitation to be a traveling salesman for a firm of his countrymen who had started a cooperative furniture factory in Jamestown. His efforts in this line were successful enough to encourage him to become an agent for a "patent flat and fluting iron," in the interests of which he canvassed several of the states of the Union, until a fever laid him low in Franklin, Pennsylvania. When at last he was well enough to travel, he started for New York, walking all the way and earning just enough by the sale of his irons to pay for food and lodging. It was spring when he started from Franklin, but the leaves along the Hudson were aflame with gold and scarlet before he finally reached New York.

He spent his last twenty dollars for a course in

telegraphy at a business college in New York, and then answered an advertisement for a " city editor " in a Long Island weekly paper. He filled this position for two weeks, and having by that time received conclusive proof that the editor was exceedingly " bad pay," went back to New York no richer than when he had come except for Bob, a Newfoundland puppy which some one had given him.

His next occupation was the peddling of an illustrated edition of *Hard Times*. Long afterward he declared that no amount of good fortune could ever turn his head as long as that book stood on his shelves. He and Bob were a living illustration of " hard times," for they were earning barely enough to keep them alive. Bob fared better than his master, for he was able to coax many a meal from the kitchen doors of the houses they visited, but Riis was almost always hungry. Things went from bad to worse. One day the two had only a crust to eat between them, and the next morning set out faint with hunger, without a cent for food for the day or shelter at night. All day long they went from house to house without making a single sale. Bob's most persuasive tail-waggings and his master's most eloquent praises of Dickens had failed to provide breakfast, dinner, supper, or money for a night's lodging. Without a cent in his pocket Jacob Riis sank down at night on the steps of Cooper Institute utterly exhausted and discouraged. His dismal reflections were suddenly interrupted by the question, " Why, what are you doing

here?" and looking up he saw the principal of the business college which he had attended when he first came back to New York. "Books!" snorted this gentleman in response to Riis's answer, "I guess they won't make you rich. Now, how would you like to be a reporter, if you have got nothing better to do? The manager of a news agency downtown asked me to-day to find him a bright young fellow whom he could break in. It isn't much—ten dollars a week to start with. But it is better than peddling books, I know. . . . *Hard Times*. . . . I guess so. What do you say? I think you will do. Better come along and let me give you a note to him now."

To be a reporter had been Riis's dream for many a month, and he could hardly believe that such an opportunity had really come to him. All through the night he and Bob walked up and down Broadway, thinking. "What had happened had stirred me profoundly," he wrote many years later. "For the second time I saw a hand held out to save me from wreck just when it seemed inevitable, and I knew it for his hand to whose will I was at last beginning to bow in humility that had been a stranger to me before. It had ever been my own will, my own way, upon which I insisted. In the shadow of Grace Church I bowed my head against the granite wall of the gray tower, and prayed for strength to do the work which I had so long and arduously sought and which had now come to me; the while Bob sat and looked on, saying clearly enough with his wagging tail that he did not know

what was going on, but that he was sure it was all right."

The next morning Jacob Riis presented himself for duty at the New York News Association, and was assigned to report a luncheon in the Astor House. In the midst of such savory food as he had not seen or smelled in many a day, he wrote his report, and won from the editor a brief, "You'll do! Take that desk and report at ten every morning sharp." Then, having had no food for three days, he fell in a swoon on his way up the stairs of a Danish boarding-house, and lay there until some one stumbled against him in the dark and carried him in.

All through the autumn and winter Riis worked with the news agency, beginning his day promptly at ten in the morning and seldom reaching home until one or two in the morning of the next day. In the spring a group of politicians in Brooklyn, who had started a weekly newspaper, asked him to be their reporter, and two weeks after he had joined them made him editor of the paper. When the paper had served its purpose by helping its owners to win in the fall elections, they decided to give it up, but at Riis's earnest entreaty finally consented to sell it to him for the small sum which he could pay down, and his notes for future payments. For the next year Riis was editor, reporter, publisher, and advertising agent of a big four-page weekly, and by an almost incredible amount of work became its sole owner by June. The day on which he made his last payment was Elisabeth's

birthday, and that night he sent a letter addressed to her speeding on its way to Denmark.

It was while he was editing the *News* that he became powerfully stirred by the preaching of the Rev. Ichabod Simmons, and definitely consecrated himself to the service of God and his fellows. With characteristic whole-heartedness he decided to give up his editorial work and become a minister, but was restrained by Mr. Simmons, who showed him that the world had need of "consecrated pens" as well as consecrated tongues. "Then and there I consecrated mine," says Mr. Riis. The *News* was promptly dedicated to the cause of reform, regardless of the consequent unpopularity of its owner.

Into the midst of these busy days, there came one early winter afternoon a letter half covered with foreign stamps. Elisabeth did not know how many stamps it took to carry a letter from Denmark to America, and because she was afraid to ask anybody about it, she put on three times as many as were required. When he had taken the letter up to his own little room and finally summoned the courage to read it, the face of the world changed for Jacob Riis. "I knelt down," he says, "and prayed long and fervently that I might strive with all my might to deserve the great happiness that had come to me." The doctor had ordered a rest and change, the newspaper could be sold for five times what had been paid for it, and there was nothing to prevent the prospective bridegroom from going home to claim Elisabeth almost immedi-

ately. In a very few weeks in the old Domkirke of Ribe he and the Elisabeth of his dreams were made man and wife.

Soon after Jacob Riis returned to America with his wife he was offered a position as reporter on the *New York Tribune.* For six months he worked hard for a salary so small that he was forced to draw on his little bank account to make both ends meet. Then one night when he had been uptown on a late assignment, and was running at full speed through a blinding snowstorm to get his report in before the paper went to press, he collided with the city editor of the *Tribune* so violently as to throw him off his feet into a snowdrift. The irate remarks which issued from the drift convinced Riis that his days with the *Tribune* were numbered, and he waited in despair for the victim's recognition of his assailant. But the city editor's curiosity as to the cause of Riis's mad haste seemed more pronounced than his wrath. "Do you always run like that when you are out on assignments?" he inquired, after listening to Riis's explanation. "When it is late like this—yes," Riis answered. "How else would I get my copy in?" "Well," was the editor's comment, "just take a reef when you round the corner. Don't run your city editor down again."

The next morning Riis went to the office with a sinking heart. He had not been there long before he was summoned to the city editor's desk, and the first words he heard seemed to confirm his worst forebodings.

" Mr. Riis," the editor began stiffly, " you knocked me down last night without cause."

" Yes, sir! But I——" Riis interrupted.

" Into a snowdrift," the editor continued. " Nice thing for a reporter to do to his commanding officer. Now, sir! this will not do. We must find some way of preventing it in the future. Our man at Police Headquarters has left. I am going to send you up there in his place. You can run there all you want to, and you will want to all you can. It is a place that needs a man who will run to get his copy in and tell the truth and stick to it. You will find plenty of fighting there. But don't go knocking people down—unless you have to."

Riis went out from the editor's office and did two things. He telegraphed his wife, " Got staff appointment. Police Headquarters. $25 a week. Hurrah." And facing what he knew to be the most difficult position on the paper, remembering how hard had been the fight his predecessor had had to wage, he commended his work and himself to the God who gives victory, and took hold! Both actions were characteristic. Prayer in the midst of his tasks was as natural to Riis as breathing, for he regarded his work as a reporter as a God-given opportunity.

" The reporter who is behind the scenes," he once said, " sees the tumult of passions, and not rarely a human heroism that redeems all the rest. It is his task so to portray it that we can see all its meaning, or at all events catch the human drift of it, not merely the

foulness and the reek of blood. If he can do that he has performed a signal service, and his murder story may easily come to speak more eloquently to the minds of thousands than the sermon preached to a hundred in the church on Sunday."

With such a conception as this of the opportunity of his work, prayer in the midst of it all was inevitable. "My supplications," he said, "ordinarily take the form of putting the case plainly to him who is the source of all right and justice, and leaving it so."

The first years of work at the Mulberry Street police quarters were years of constant fight for Jacob Riis. "Somebody was always fighting somebody else for some fancied injury or act of bad faith in the gathering of the news," he says, and upon the arrival of the new reporter from the *Tribune* all made common cause against him. The record of his working hours tells of ceaseless strenuous struggle to get for his paper the news which rival reporters and the police were determined he should not get. But the greatest fight of all those fighting years, says Jacob Riis, was with himself. His blood had never ceased to boil at the memory of that night of pouring rain when at the door of the police station his loyal little dog friend had been killed before his eyes. And now that he had a recognized place at the police headquarters, and the backing of the *Tribune,* nothing would have been easier than to go to the records of the Church Street Police Station, find out the name of the cruel sergeant and demand his punishment. Time after time he went to the

station to begin his search in the record books, and again and again he turned away, until one day, as he held in his hand the very book which would have given him the sergeant's name, he thought of a plan of revenge which his heart could approve. He would destroy, not the sergeant, but the system of police lodging-houses of which the sergeant had been only an instrument. With the record book in his hands, he vowed that if God gave him strength he would fight the unutterably filthy police lodging-houses, where hardened tramps and impressionable penniless boys, such as he had been, were herded together in utter wretchedness, until not a lodging-house was left. He set the book down unopened, his fight with himself over, his long fight with those breeders of physical and moral disease begun.

It was a long fight and a slow one, and many a time Jacob Riis kept up his courage only by going out and watching a stone-cutter hammer away at his stone one hundred times without so much as a crack appearing, until finally at the one hundred and first blow the rock would split in two. Riis never lost a chance to strike a blow. He felt sure that if the people of New York understood the evils of the police lodging-houses they would never tolerate them, and he told the truth in no uncertain terms through the columns of newspaper after newspaper, by pictures, by lantern slides, by reports to committees and boards, until finally, more than fourteen years after the fight was started, when Mr. Roosevelt was commissioner of police, the doors of the

police lodging-rooms were closed forever, and the murder of the little dog was avenged!

Another fight of the first years as police reporter on the *Tribune* was with Mulberry Bend, a slum district filled with tenements far more congested and dangerous than the Rags Hall which had so displeased the twelve-year-old schoolboy. Mulberry Bend was a center of both disease and crime, and Jacob Riis attacked it single-handed. Article after article he wrote, making apparently little or no impression, but never giving up. Then one day his morning newspaper contained a four-line item telling of the discovery of a method of taking pictures by flashlight. Riis was sure that if he could make people see the Bend at night as he had seen it, he could rouse them to action, and straightway investigated the matter of flashlights. Within two weeks he was invading Mulberry Bend night after night, armed with flashlight cartridges, which in those days were shot from a revolver, and which were more than terrifying to the startled inhabitants of the Bend. Little by little Riis won his fight, and was rewarded for the long hours of voluntary night work, on top of busy days, by seeing the tenement-houses of the Bend condemned by the Sanitary Board, and a park and playground established on the place where they had been.

The fight for the destruction of Mulberry Bend was only the beginning of Jacob Riis' fight with the slum and the tenement-house, which lasted as long as life lasted. Day after day he put the facts before the





MULBERRY BEND AS IT WAS
MULBERRY BEND AS IT IS

people of New York City through the columns of his newspaper. Many a night found him in church or lecture hall showing the stereoptican slides which he had had made from his photographs, that both the eyes and ears of the people of that great city might know "how the other half lives." One night an editor of *Scribner's Magazine* heard him lecture and asked him to write an article for the magazine. When the magazine article came out, a firm of publishers asked him to elaborate it into a book, and night after night he came home from his office and wrote *How the Other Half Lives,* while the rest of the family slept. How desperately tired he grew probably no one knows but himself, and even he hardly realized it until one evening in Boston, he went to call on a friend and found, when he tried to give the maid his name, that he had no idea what it was. But he felt repaid for all the hard work when his book came out and thousands of people all over the country were reading *How the Other Half Lives* and learning how to help. This was the first of many books which Jacob Riis wrote to tell the story of the needs of the poor and the way to meet those needs. *Children of the Tenements, The Battle with the Slums, Out of Mulberry Street* are only a few of them.

Always, too, he was helping in other ways. One year he gave all the time and effort he could spare as general agent of the Council of Confederated Good Government Clubs.

"We tore down unfit tenements, forced the opening

of parks and playgrounds, the establishment of a truant school system, the demolition of the overcrowded old Tombs and the erection on its site of a decent new prison. We overhauled the civil courts and made them over new in the charter of the Greater New York. We lighted dark halls; closed the 'cruller' bakeries in tenement-house cellars that had caused the loss of no end of lives, for the crullers were boiled in fat in the early morning hours while the tenants slept, and when the fat was spilled in the fire their peril was awful. We fought the cable-car managers at home and the opponents of a truant school at Albany. We backed up Roosevelt in his fight in the Police Board and—well, I shall never get time to tell it all. But it was a great year!" he summarizes. This might be a summary not simply of that one year's work, but of all the later years of his life, for the destruction of the tenements and the establishment of an adequate number of good public schools, truant schools, and playgrounds, were causes to which he gave his strength without reserve.

Jacob Riis was not the kind of man to care greatly for recognition of his work. It was enough for him that the work was done. A great many honors of different kinds came to him, many of them nominations to honorary membership in various societies in America and Europe. Most of them he declined, stuffing the letters which offered them into a pigeonhole labeled tersely with one of Eugene Field's verses, descriptive of "Clow's Noble Yellow Pup":

> "Him all that goodly company
> Did as deliverer hail;
> They tied a ribbon round his neck,
> Another round his tail."

There was one honor, however, which he could not refuse, fragrant as it was, with memories of flowers and fields and little children. When the meadows around his house in Richmond Hill were radiant with the gold and white of buttercups and daisies, and sweet with the scent of clover blossoms, his small sons and daughters used to bring him great armfuls of blossoms and beg him to take them to "the poors" in the hot city. But no matter how laden he was when he started from home, he never had a single flower five minutes after he had left the ferry, for wistful little faces sprang up on every side, wild with eagerness for just one of the joy-bringing blossoms. The sight of those for whom there were no posies left, who sat down on the curbstone and dug grimy fists into eyes brimming over with tears, went straight to the heart of Jacob Riis, and one June morning he published an appeal for flowers in the newspapers, offering to dispose of any that were sent to his office.

"Flowers came pouring in from every corner of the compass. They came in boxes, in barrels, and in bunches, from field and garden, from town and country. Express wagons carrying flowers jammed Mulberry Street and the police came out to marvel at the row. The office was fairly smothered in fragrance. A howling mob of children besieged it. The reporters

forgot their rivalry and lent a hand with enthusiasm in giving out the flowers. The Superintendent of Police detailed five stout patrolmen to help carry the abundance to points of convenient distribution. Wherever he went, fretful babies stopped crying and smiled as the messengers of love were laid against their wan cheeks. Slovenly women curtsied and made way. . . . The Italians in the Barracks stopped quarreling to help keep order. The worst street became suddenly good and neighborly."

The slum's hungry love for the beautiful was a revelation even to Jacob Riis. Taking flowers there was, he said, "like cutting windows for souls." Although he saw that the ministry of the flowers had assumed proportions far beyond his ability to handle, he knew that somehow, somewhere, the work must be taken care of, for the slums must not starve for want of the fragrance and joyous color which willing hands were ready to pour in so lavishly. Some of the boxes of flowers had the initials I. H. N. on them, and when Jacob Riis learned that they stood for "In His Name," the words which were the motto of the King's Daughters' Society, he thought he knew to whom to entrust the flowers. The members of the society gladly undertook the work, but the needs they saw as they took the flowers from house to house were too great and compelling to allow them to turn away when summer and flowers had gone, and to-day there stands in Henry Street a beautiful settlement house maintained by the King's Daughters' Society. What wonder that when

on Jacob Riis's silver wedding day they asked him to let this settlement house bear his name, he could not say them nay.

"I have lived in the best of times," said Jacob Riis, "when you do not have to dream things good, but can make them so." Probably no one has ever known better than he what joy it is to "make them so," nor could say more heartily than he, when working days were nearing their close, "I have been very happy. No man ever had so good a time."

A PILGRIM OF INDIA

All this I endured just to find God.
—*Chundra Lela.*



CHUNDRA LELA

A PILGRIM OF INDIA

About eighty years ago, in the city of Kaski, up on the northern border of India, among the Himalaya mountains, a great celebration was taking place. There was a long procession of gaily decorated elephants, and a sumptuous feast, lasting several days, to which people came from all over the state of Nepal, in which Kaski is located. All this was because a little girl, seven years old, the daughter of a prominent Brahman priest of Kaski, was being married to the son of another wealthy Brahman. Because she was such a little girl, it was decided that she should not at once go to her husband's home, but continue to live in her father's house. And because her father was a very learned man, and had plenty of leisure time, he taught little Chundra Lela to read and write, although it was not then the custom in India to give girls any education whatever.

But one day, when Chundra Lela was nine years old, word came to her home which caused lamentations as great as the happiness which her wedding had brought two years before. For her husband was dead and she was a widow, the most despised of all creatures in India. Hinduism teaches that the death of a husband is caused by some sin which his wife

has committed, perhaps in some previous existence, and as long as she lives she is an outcast, scorned and ill treated by every one. For the first year after her husband's death she is allowed to have only one meal a day, and twice a month she must fast for an entire day and night without even a drop of water, although the heat of India is terrible. Her hair, which is the pride of a woman of India, is cut off and her head is shaved; she may wear only the coarsest clothing and no ornaments; and is never allowed to go to any celebrations or appear at any social gatherings, because her presence is supposed to bring bad luck. She is never allowed to marry again, but all her life is wholly at the mercy of other people, being often the drudge and slave of her husband's family. Because little girls are married so early in India, and because a child is considered a widow if the man or boy to whom she is betrothed dies even if she is not yet married, one woman in every six in that great country is a widow. There are 112,000 widows less than ten years old, and 18,000 less than five. It was a great host into whose membership nine-year-old Chundra Lela entered.

When she was twelve years old her father took her with him on a pilgrimage to the sacred shrine of Juggernaut, many hundreds of miles away in the eastern part of India. The hardships of so long a journey in a climate like that of India are very great, and were much greater at that time than now, for there were no trains to carry the pilgrims, and the long miles must be covered on foot or in the bullock

carts or in palanquins. Hundreds of pilgrims died every year as a result of the difficulties of the journey, and Chundra Lela's father was among those who never returned to his home. Just before he died he called his daughter to him and gave her a bunch of keys. He told her that if, when she reached home, she would open the boxes to which they belonged, she would find the gold which she had inherited from her husband.

During the next year Chundra Lela spent much time in studying the sacred books which her father had taught her to read, and at the end of the year she had arrived at a momentous decision.

"In my study of the sacred books of the Hindus," she says, "and especially *Bhagavad Gita,* I had found that salvation is promised to those who visit and worship at all the holy places, and if one would pay careful attention to all such matters he would get a vision of God in this world. I decided that a vision of God and forgiveness of sins would be worth more to me than anything else."

Accordingly this little girl, barely fourteen years old, decided that she would go on a pilgrimage to the four greatest Hindu shrines, one at the extreme east of India, one at the western boundary, one far in the south, and another as far to the north in the heights of the Himalaya mountains. To visit these four shrines meant a journey covering a distance as great as that from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean and back again, and as Chundra Lela must walk almost all the way, it would take her many years to do this. But her

heart yearned for the assurance that she had received forgiveness for the unknown sin which she supposed had caused her husband's death, and for the promised vision of God; and she counted no difficulties or hardships too great a cost to pay to secure these blessings.

Chundra Lela was sure that if her brothers or her stepmother knew what she was planning to do they would not permit her to go, so she did not tell any one of her plans, except two other widows in the household who had for a long time been thinking of going on this pilgrimage but had not been able to do so for lack of money. They gladly agreed to go with Chundra Lela, and at three o'clock one morning, before any one else was astir, the three stole out of the house, each with a long narrow bag around her waist, filled with the gold coins which Chundra Lela had found in the boxes to which her father had given her the keys.

As they traveled, Chundra Lela counted her sacred beads over and over, and repeated incantation after incantation which she had learned from the sacred books. At every sacred river she stopped and bathed, in the hope of washing away her sins, and she worshiped at each shrine she passed, making offerings before the idols and giving presents to the priests. At Monghyr, where there is a shrine to the goddess Sita, it is a part of the worship to pour very hot water over the unprotected body, and this Chundra Lela did, unflinchingly. At Calcutta she bathed in the sacred



OH, MOTHER GANGES!

One day's ablution frees from all sin!

river Ganges, and at Gaya, where there are forty-five holy places, she visited them all, giving a present to the priest in charge of each of them. And finally she and her companions reached the great temple of Juggernaut at Puri, on the eastern border of India.

This temple is one of the most magnificent in India, and the ground for eighty miles around is called holy. In this temple is one of the ugliest of all the 315,000,000 gods of Hinduism, Juggernaut. He has only a stump of a body, no legs, only parts of arms, and huge head, eyes, and mouth. Hosts of pilgrims from all over India try to be in Puri at the time of the annual Juggernaut festival, but many of them die of starvation and hardship on the journey. At the time of the festival the idol is taken out of the temple and put in an enormous car, built in the form of a tower, to which are attached immense ropes, very long and heavy. Hundreds, even thousands of people take hold of the ropes and pull the car through the streets, though it is so heavy that it sometimes takes hours to get it started. Every pilgrim tries frantically to get hold of a rope, and those who cannot often throw themselves in front of the car, or prostrate themselves in the mud beside it in their religious frenzy.

Here Chundra Lela spent two weeks, performing all the sacred rites of worship, and giving generously to the temple and the priests. But she did not receive the vision of God for which she had prayed, nor did her earnest worship of the ugly idol bring her a sense

of pardon. So she and her companions set forth again, to walk the thousand long, hot miles which lay between them and the great shrine of southern India, on the island of Ramesvaram, not far from Ceylon. The god worshiped in this temple is Ram, one of the favorite gods of Hinduism, the story of whose adventurous and exciting life is told in the *Ramayana,* one of the sacred books of the Hindus. Months had lengthened into years before Chundra Lela and her companions arrived at Ramesvaram, but they finally reached the temple and spent ten days in worship there. Here again, as at Juggernaut, Chundra Lela gave a great feast to the priests, and presented them with a cow to supply them with milk. But here again she found no peace, and she and her friends set out for another journey of a thousand miles to Dwaraca, the great temple at the extreme west of India.

The Hindus believe that the temple here was raised by a miracle in a single night. It is sacred to the god Krishna, the story of whose impure and vicious deeds is not fit to be read. But millions of pilgrims visit this temple, for it is written of it, "Whoever visits that holy shrine, the place where Krishna pursued his sports, is liberated from all sin." Here Chundra Lela spent fifteen days, painting her body with sandalwood, worshiping the idol, and giving lavish gifts to the priests and holy men.

The next stage of her journey was perhaps the hardest of all, for the fourth great temple is on Mount Badrinath, one of the great mountains of the Himalaya

range. The temple is 10,400 feet above sea-level, and before the feet of the pilgrims have gone far up the mountain path they are numb with cold and cut by jagged ice. Chundra Lela and her companions wrapped their bleeding feet in layer after layer of cloth, and went on determinedly, though they were soon suffering intensely with the cold. The last part of the way lies along so steep and dangerous a path that the climb was made only by clinging to rocks and ice, and these weary pilgrims seemed almost more dead than alive when at last they reached the temple. But their hearts were hopeful, for this was the end of their pilgrimage, and surely they would now receive the promised assurance of forgiveness, surely they would find the God for whom they had so long and so earnestly sought! Three days they stayed in the intense cold, and then began the hard journey down the mountain. Chundra Lela's heart was very heavy, for the four shrines had all been visited, and the peace and sense of fellowship with God, to gain which she had left her home seven years before, had not come.

But she refused to give up. Weary and exhausted though she was she climbed Mount Kedarnath, another mountain of the Himalayas, on which there is a noted temple, and sprinkled the idol with water from the sacred Ganges river, which she had brought with her. She bathed in the Ganges where it comes out from the mountainside at Hardwar, and again at Allahabad, where it joins another sacred river, the Jumna. She cast her gift of flowers upon it at Benares, and made

offerings at the many shrines in that sacred city, and gave generous gifts to the priests at Ranigung, the place celebrated as the birthplace of the god Ram. On her way to Ranigung one of her companions developed a fever, and in spite of all that was done for her died within three days. At Ranigung the other was smitten with cholera and died. Then Chundra Lela's heart was heavy indeed. She says:

"I had visited the four great places sacred to the Hindus, a great many of the smaller places, and had expended much money, but all in vain. I had received no manifestation nor any evidence that the Supreme Being, or any lesser god, was pleased with my worship. My two faithful friends were gone, and I was alone in the world. . . . In my distress I knew not what to do."

While she was wondering where to go next, she met a company of pilgrims on their way to the temple of Juggernaut. Being alone and having no plan, she decided to go with them, although they warned her that their path lay through a thick forest, and they must experience much suffering before arriving at their destination. Chundra Lela, however, decided to cast in her lot with theirs. Now that her two companions were gone, she did her own cooking and carried her water for the first time in her life. The company of pilgrims received many gifts of food from the people of the villages through which they passed, but Chundra Lela was too independent to accept any of these gifts, although she had made so many offer-

ings before the idols and to the priests and had supported herself and her companions for so many years that her supply of gold pieces was almost gone. One day, when the company of pilgrims was resting not far from Midnapur, the king, whose palace was near, sent his servants with gifts of food for them. Chundra Lela declined these gifts, to the astonishment of the servant, who told the king on his return that all had accepted the rice and ghee (melted butter), except one woman who sat reading her sacred books. The king was interested in this account of a woman who could read the sacred books, and sent for her to come to his palace. Chundra Lela accepted this invitation, and was graciously received by the queen and her maids of honor. When they asked her where she had come from and why she had declined to eat the food the king had sent, she answered:

"My home is in Nepal, and my father was the family priest to the king of Nepal. I pay my own way and buy my own food." When they asked why she had come so far from her home, she told them:

"I am trying to find God, and deliverance from sin."

The king and queen begged her to remain with them as their priestess, and she consented to do so, giving her time for the next few years to teaching Sanskrit to the women of the palace and reading the sacred books to them. The king built a house for her, gave her servants of her own, and showered every kindness upon her. But she was restless, for she had not

yet satisfied the longing of her heart, and after a few years of quiet she set out on her journeying again. Not long after she had left the palace she met a woman who was an ascetic or fakir, who offered to teach her how to torture herself in such ways as to please the gods.

"I thought in my mind," says Chundra Lela, "that if there was any virtue in these rites, surely I would find God."

The story of the tortures she inflicted upon herself during the next years would be hard to believe if there were not many such stories of devout men and women of India who have sought by the most terrible bodily suffering to win the favor of the gods. A missionary tells of one place in which many of these fakirs were gathered together.

"Each selected his own mode of penance, or self-torture," she writes. "Some were lying on beds of spikes; others buried in the sand; still others lying over smoking wood; some had held their arms in an upright position until the flesh had withered and dried on the bone, and the unkempt finger-nails had grown several inches in length, piercing through the flesh and winding about the shriveled and distorted hand."

Chundra Lela vowed that all during the six most scorchingly hot months of India's hot year, she would sit all day and every day in the burning sun, with five fires built close around her. From midnight until daylight each night she stood in front of an idol, standing on one foot, with the other drawn up against

it, imploring the god to reveal himself to her. In the cooler months, instead of this, she spent the night sitting in a pond of water, up to her neck; counting over her sacred beads. Years afterward she told a friend:

"Nobody knows how long those nights were, nor how I suffered before morning. The string contained one hundred and eight beads. With each bead I called on the name of a god; with the other hand I kept account of the number of times I had gone around the string. . . . In a night I would go round the string one thousand times, repeating the name of the gods one hundred and eight thousand times. I would look toward the East for the first ray of light, and wonder if the night would ever end. When day broke I would crawl out of the water as best I could with my benumbed limbs, and prostrating my body on the ground, would then measure my length to the spot where I was to sit all day, worshiping idols. . . . Thus I called upon Ram day and night, with no response. All this I endured just to find God."

As she worshiped she says she used to plead with the idol, "If thou art God, reveal thyself to me! Reach forth and take the offering I bring. Let me see, hear, or feel something by which I may know I have pleased thee, and that my great sin is pardoned, and I am accepted by thee!" But no sense of peace came, and at the end of three years of this self-inflicted suffering she felt that she had done all that she possibly could.

"I have done and suffered all that could be required of mortal, by god or man, and yet without avail," she declared.

She returned to Midnapur, and for a time supported herself by teaching the sacred books to the women of several prominent families there. She herself, however, had now lost all faith in Hinduism, and one day gathered up her idols and gave them to a woman of low caste, saying:

"You may worship these if you like; I have done them homage many long weary years—all in vain. I will never worship them again! There is nothing in Hinduism or I would have found it."

One day when she went to visit a friend she found her reading some Christian books. This was the first time that Chundra Lela had seen any Christian literature, and when she learned that an American teacher had given her friend the books she asked if she might come and meet the teacher at the lesson time the following day. The American teacher, who was Miss Julia Phillips of the American Free Baptist Mission, was unable to come the next day, but the Bible woman who came in her place was so much impressed by Chundra Lela that, when she went back to the mission and told about her, Miss Phillips decided to go to see her at once. From Miss Phillips, Chundra Lela heard the Christian story for the first time, and from her she received the first Bible she had ever seen. Day and night Chundra Lela studied this Bible, and when her pupils came to her to hear her read the books

of Hinduism, she read to them from the Bible instead.

"This new book is a good book," she told them, and they agreed with her, but their husbands became alarmed and threatened Chundra Lela.

"If you become a Christian," they told her, "we will all turn you out, and people will call you mad and beat and stone you!" But Chundra Lela refused to be intimidated.

"I am not afraid," she answered. "You people cannot hold me, and need not try. You yourselves ought to become Christians." And then she would begin to explain the gospel story.

After she had been studying her Bible for about two months, she went to the missionaries and told them that she wanted to take her stand as a Christian. Dr. J. L. Phillips asked her: "You say you have worshiped all these idols; have you got pardon for your sin?"

"I have worshiped every idol I know," Chundra Lela answered. "I have gone on all pilgrimages and done all the Hindu religion has taught; but I know nothing about pardon, and have had no peace."

"Cannot your idols forgive sins?" Dr. Phillips asked again. "If not, how will you get pardon?"

"I have now read about Jesus," Chundra Lela told him joyously, "and learn that he is the Savior and can save and pardon me. Believing this, I wish to become a Christian."

The next day Chundra Lela attended a Christian

church service for the first time, and heard her first sermon from the lips of Dr. Phillips.

"Oh, what a sermon!" she exclaimed. "While I sat listening my heart was stirred within me, and I felt that I had found that for which I had long sought. I wished to leave Hinduism and all its cruel deceptions, and come out at once."

After the service she told Dr. Phillips that she wanted to be baptized. He warned her,

"When you become a Christian you will have great sorrow. All will forsake you; and if you get no rice to eat, what will you do then?"

"God feeds the birds," Chundra Lela answered, "will he not feed me? He who made the mouth, can he not put food into it? God will take care of me. I am not afraid."

Very soon after this she packed up all her belongings and moved to the home of the native pastor of the church. The news that she had gone to live with the Christians spread rapidly, and many of her friends and students gathered together and went to her, seeking to induce her to come back to them. But she told them that she could be a Hindu teacher no longer, for she was no longer a Hindu but a Christian. As proof positive that she meant what she said, she asked the pastor's wife to bring her a cup of water, and drank the water before them, thus publicly breaking caste by drinking from a dish which a Christian's hand had touched. Then, indeed, her friends were convinced, and went away, regretfully admitting that since Chun-

dra Lela had broken her caste she could be nothing more to them.

After her baptism the missionaries gave Chundra Lela work in the mission schools for children, and suggested that she teach the women in the zenanas to read. But she was too full of joy in the wonderful good news she had learned to be willing to give her time to teaching people how to read. At length she had found the God for whom she had sought so long; at last her soul was at peace, and she felt that she must tell others the glorious truths she had learned. Whenever she had a free moment she took her Bible and went from house to house, often telling the story tc groups in the streets until great crowds had gathered to hear her. She would scarcely stop to eat or to rest in the daytime, waiting until night to cook and eat her food. So the missionaries set her free from her other work and let her give her entire time to publishing abroad what great things the Lord had done for her.

After she had worked in and around Midnapur for several years, Chundra Lela conceived the idea of going to some of the shrines which she had visited as a Hindu, to share her joy with the pilgrims who were seeking God as she had sought him; and once again she set out on a pilgrimage lasting several years. There were as many hardships to be met on this pilgrimage as on her early one, perhaps more, for she was getting older and was not so vigorous as she had been; she no longer had a bag of gold pieces around

her waist, but often suffered from lack of food; and her fearless preaching of Christianity often brought persecutions upon her. Once she was beaten by an angry priest; a man with a sword threatened to kill her; the Hindu priests hired a mob to stone her; and once she was brought before the police for preaching Christianity. But in spite of poverty, illness, and persecution this pilgrimage was a shining way for Chundra Lela. No longer was she blindly and fruitlessly seeking pardon for sin and fellowship with God. The Great Companion was always with her, the sense of his love and peace were ever in her heart, and no difficulties or trials were worthy to be compared with the joy of telling about him to those who were seeking and needing him, even as she had sought and needed him. In the course of her journeys she went to her own country, Nepal, and was there granted the great happiness of winning her brother to Christ.

For over thirty years Chundra Lela went to and fro, from early morning until late in the evening, seeking to bring to her hungry-hearted Indian people the knowledge of a joyous gospel which would satisfy their every need. She went to all classes of people. Mrs. Lee, a missionary who learned to know her well, says:

"One day she would be found sitting at the feet of a native princess, reading the Bible to her and the women of the palace; another day in the bazaar, preaching to the throngs that come and go. At other times we have seen her come quietly into a room filled

with educated native gentlemen, and seating herself in her favorite position on the floor, begin to talk to them. At first they are inclined to ridicule her; but she goes on, until soon they forget she is a woman, and are astonished at her knowledge of their own sacred books, of which she is able to repeat, from memory, page after page. Soon they feel her superiority, and one after another, in their intense interest, draw nearer and take their seats on the ground before her. She will hold them for hours, telling them of their own religion and its emptiness. She then presents Jesus in such a way that it seems to make them want to know him."

Mrs. Lee tells of one occasion on which Chundra Lela was preaching to a great company of people, when a missionary who was in the crowd said to the head man:

"How can you answer such truths as these?"

"Oh," the man answered, "these women know nothing! Wait till you hear the wisdom of our priest." He went away and soon returned with the priest, who took his place among the people with much dignity. Chundra Lela looked up and greeted the priest pleasantly, and remarked to the crowd,

"All this man knows I taught him, for it was I who taught him the Vedas (sacred books), and taught him to repeat prayers to the gods, and to perform priestly ceremonies."

When she was about sixty-five years old and was growing feeble, the missionaries of the mission, of

which she was a member, proposed building a house for her.

"What do you think?" she exclaimed to Mrs. Lee. "What do you think? The 'Sihiab logue' (missionary gentlemen) have built me a house to die in! When they first mentioned it to me I said, 'What! a house to die in? Do you know where I am to die? It might be in the train, or on the river steamer; it might be in the distant jungle, or perhaps while preaching in the street. How will you gentlemen build me a house to die in?' 'Oh,' said they, 'it is true we do not know; but when you are ill, as you were a few months ago, or tired, and wish to rest awhile, it will be well for you to have a house of your own.' 'How you friends do trouble me! What would I do with a house? I wish to be free from care. Then, too, it would cost money to keep it up.' 'Very well; but we will give you a pension of a small amount monthly, and from this you could keep it in repair.' And I yielded."

"One day after the Conference was over and we were back in Midnapur," she went on to Mrs. Lee, "the missionaries said to me, 'Come and see the spot we have selected for your house—under these mango trees, where you will be nice and quiet.' 'What!' I said, 'away off in this field? Oh, no! If you will build me a house, build it on the roadside—close up—so that when I am too old and weak to walk, I may crawl up to the door and preach to the people as they pass by.'"

So the missionaries did as she asked and built her

"a house by the side of the road, where the races of men go by."

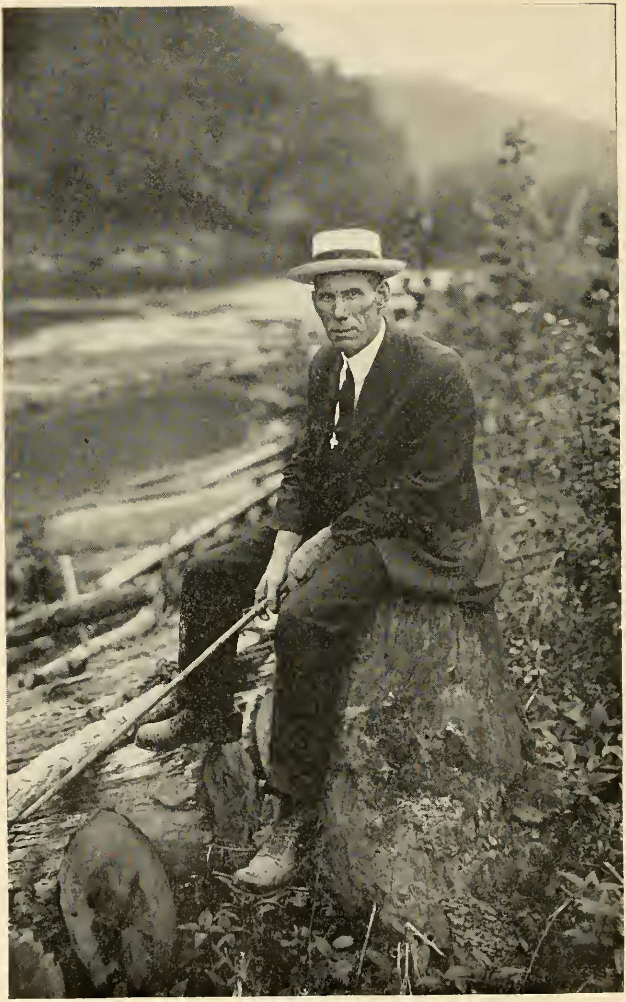
"And now I can preach as long as I live!" she exclaimed joyously.

And as long as she lived, she did preach. As she grew more feeble it seemed sometimes that she was almost too weak to speak. But if there was an opportunity to tell of the Pearl of Great Price for which she had sought so earnestly, and for the sake of which, when she found it, she had gladly given up all, the joy of the Lord would prove her strength and the old light would come flooding back into her face, and her voice would become strong and clear. And when the door into the Other Room opened, and she was summoned to enter into the joy of her Lord, she went with a shining face.

A MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS

I will never quit until I see education spread all through these hills.

—*J. A. Burns.*



J. A. BURNS

A MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS

In the Cumberland Mountains of Kentucky live more than a half million Americans of whom most of us know very little. A little over two hundred years ago their ancestors were roaming the highlands of Scotland; later their great-great-grandfathers took up their muskets in the struggle for the freedom of the colonies; and fifty years ago one hundred and twenty thousand of them left their mountain cabins to fight for the unity of their young country. The people who know them say that they are worth knowing; that they are most loyal citizens, vigorous in body and mind, friendly and fearless in spirit, unfalteringly true to their ideals of honor, and given to the most kindly and gracious hospitality.

Yet these Highlanders of America are slaves, made so not by the power of men but by the power of illiteracy. All around them America has been growing into a land more wonderful than the brightest dreams of the first settlers. But if Daniel Boone could take another trip through the Cumberland Mountains of Kentucky he would see no startling changes either in the country or the people. He would travel by the waterways, or over narrow trails, just as he used to do, for there still are no roads. The little log cabins in whose one or two narrow rooms from ten to twenty

people are crowded would look very familiar to him. "The loom, the spinning-wheel, the lard-kettle, the candle-mold, the squirrel rifle," which are in those cabins now, are just like those of a hundred years ago; and just as in those days the women stand behind the tables while their sinewy husbands and sons eat; and ride, sunbonneted, behind them on horseback to the little log churches.

One difference however, Daniel Boone might notice. In his day not a few of the little cabins had book-shelves on which stood copies of ancient masterpieces of Greek and Roman literature. Some of the books are there still, but in homes where no man, woman, or child can either read or write. It has been hard to make a living in the Cumberland Mountains, and during this last marvelous century, teeming with inventions and the development of industries, the men of the mountains have spent all the days of their lives laboriously raising their scanty crops with the help of the implements of a hundred years ago. The women meanwhile have been growing old at the hard work of making by hand every article of clothing and food and household furnishing which has been needed.

In this country and among these people lives J. A. Burns. His father was a Primitive Baptist minister, who rode through the country preaching in the little log churches on Saturdays and Sundays, and worked on his hillside farm during the rest of the week. In order to live father and mother and children all worked incessantly. Every morning

before it was dawn Burns was up and out in the smoke-house, grinding corn or wheat for breakfast in the little hand-mill. "This hand-mill," he says, "was made of two round stones, the top one working on a little wooden spindle which stuck up through the bottom one. You poured the wheat in a hole at the middle of the upper stone. The flour came out through a little outlet at the edges between the stones. There was a hickory handle which was fitted into the top stone, the upper end of the handle working in a supporting frame. This made the stone turn more easily. Two persons could turn it. It was done after the fashion of Palestine. It was the best mill we had. In perhaps fifteen minutes I would have flour or meal enough ground for breakfast. It was sweet flour. If we wanted to remove some of the grits or husks we would take a circular hoop made out of basswood bark and covered with a piece of muslin, and screen the flour through this."

After breakfast was over the boy took his hoe and went out to the steep hillside to try to raise more corn. Sometimes he went to the little wheat-field to reap, the best instrument for reaping which he knew about being a long sickle or "reap hook," which left many a scar on the fingers of his left hand. He remembers that when he first saw a reaping "cradle" he thought that it certainly was the best and easiest method of harvesting wheat which could possibly be invented. A reaping-machine would have seemed to him then nothing short of a miracle. When he and his brothers

had cut down the wheat, they brought their little bundles to the threshing-floor, and threshed them with flails made of a piece of hickory, one short section of which had been hammered and twisted until the fibers were loosened into a "hinge." After the wheat was threshed it had to be winnowed, very much as it used to be in Palestine when the grain and the chaff were tossed up letting the wind blow the chaff to one side. Burns had a share in every process which the wheat went through until it was ready to be put into the oven, and until he was sixteen years old he never tasted bread made with any other flour than the kind he ground in his little hand-mill.

When Burns was thirteen years old, his father was preaching in West Virginia in a county which boasted a little school, and there the boy went for just three months. The next year he had three months more in school, and the year following four months. After that he worked for an older brother for some time; then supported himself in any way he could, farming a little, sometimes working for small wages, sometimes taking rafts of logs down the Kentucky river—doing whatever offered for a living. He grew tall and big-boned like most of the mountain men, and unusually powerful.

The French-Eversole feud was raging in his early manhood, and Burns was in it. And one night in the course of that feud something happened which changed the current of life not only for Burns, but for a multitude of mountain boys like him. The enemy were

barricaded in a log cabin which Burns and his fellow combatants were determined to take. In the course of the struggle Burns received a terrific blow on the head from a rifle barrel, and being thought dead was dragged by his feet from the dooryard and thrown over a fence where he would be out of the way of the fighting. But Burns was not dead. Long after the fighting was over he crawled down to a near-by cabin for food. As his strength came back, however, he did not hurry to join his fellow feudists. A blow on the head could not frighten him but it could sober him, and he turned his face away from the settlement to the lonely mountains.

For four days he was alone in the mountains, and when he came out it was with the determination to go to college! Alone in the stillness of the forests he had been asking why God had brought him back from the dead. There must be some purpose in what had befallen him. In the quiet days away from the rest of the world he saw his people as he had never seen them before. He could say of them then as now, "They are the finest, bravest, fairest-minded people in the world," but seeing them so, he saw as never before the pity of their ignorance, with all its attendant evils of poverty and narrowness and enmity. He believed that God had given him back his life that he might serve this people, and he was sure that what they needed most was an opportunity for Christian education. This he determined to help them to get. He had no money, and he had had but ten months in school him-

self, but he went out from the mountains to prepare himself to teach.

For seven months Burns managed to support himself at the preparatory school of Denison University, in Granville, Ohio. Then he went back to his mountains, as penniless as when he had come, but with seven more months of school life added to the ten which he had had in West Virginia. The next year he taught a hundred eager little mountain boys and girls at "Raider's Creek," and in the six years that followed started schools in various other parts of the mountains. One year he taught at Berea College, Berea, Kentucky. Always the children flocked to him, hungry for the chance to study, and always his own education was growing both deeper and broader. And always in his heart he carried a vision—of which he almost never spoke—a vision of a time when in the heart of the wild, feud-fraught mountains there should be, not just little log-cabin country schools open for a few months a year, but a strong, splendid, permanent college! He had no money for a college, and no idea where to get it. But in 1899 he decided that the time had come to take the first step.

It was a troublous time in which to start a college. The Baker-Howard feud was on, and there had been much bloodshed. But Burns wanted to talk to the men of both sides about a college for their boys, so he called a meeting, himself a sort of hostage and pledge of good faith. About fifty men filed silently into the old mill that day, half of them on the Baker side, half

on the Howard. "It was a mighty quiet meeting," Burns says. In absolute stillness they seated themselves on opposite sides of the room, every man with his gun on his arm, every one perfectly quiet but alert. Then Burns stood in the center and pleaded with them. He told them that they were rearing their sons for slaughter, and begged them to stop fighting and help him build a college where the boys could have an education.

"I didn't know what they were going to do," he said afterward, "but I was right glad when Lee Combs got up, and when Dan Burns got up too, and they met in front of me. They did not draw, but they shook hands. Then I knew that the college was going to be a success."

A few days later twelve of these men came together in the little log church, and there six of them signed their names and six put their marks to an application for a state charter which would permit them to found a college in their mountains.

When Burns started his college he had not one dollar. But one of the men who had put his mark to the application for a charter gave him fifty dollars, and some one else gave him some land, and he went to work. A blacksmith made him some stone-working tools out of a crowbar, and he began to cut the foundation-stones out of the mountain. Alone in the dawn one morning he laid the first stone of the first foundation of Oneida Institute.

"I set it as firmly as I could," he says, "in the

wish that it might stand long; and then, all alone on the hillside, I stretched out my arms and offered up as good a prayer as I knew how. About then a young feudist came riding over the hill beyond, perhaps from some raid in which he had been engaged the night before. It was sun-up, and he saluted the rising day with a volley of pistol shots; still, I presume, full of the fury of combat. I accepted that volley of shots as a challenge to my prayer. Three years later I baptized that young feudist, and he rides on feuds no more."

Single-handed, Burns hewed his stones and laid his foundations. When he began on the woodwork several of his neighbors joined him, and work went on all day and often late into the night. If Burns went home at night, he had to walk five miles over the hills, each way; so usually he worked until ten or eleven or midnight, and then curled up in the soft shavings under his carpenter's bench for the rest of the night.

The year after this first building, a boys' dormitory, was finished, Burns went to Louisville, Kentucky, to a convention of Baptist ministers. He was asked to speak of his work, and those who heard that speech still talk of it.

" J. A. Burns," says Emerson Hough, " is an orator of unusual power, a cultured and educated man of singular purity of speech." His brother ministers were not wealthy men, but the story that he told with his " natural and convincing oratory," gripped them, and they gave him four hundred dollars. A family in Louisville added five thousand, and with the help of

the building materials which the mountains afforded and the labor which the men of the mountains cheerfully contributed Burns built a ten thousand dollar brick recitation hall. Two years after this building was finished the boys were crowding to the school in such numbers that another dormitory was an urgent necessity. Burns had no money, but he started the dormitory. The neighbors gave what money they could, their labor, and their keen interest; some people outside the mountains helped, and a year later a substantial brick dormitory, worth ten thousand dollars, opened its doors.

All this time Burns was not only architect and contractor and builder, but president and teacher and student as well.

"You see that big, flat rock yonder?" he said to Mr. Hough, as they stood on the bank of the Kentucky river. "Well, that is the best fishing-place on the Kentucky river. It is lucky for me that it was. When I was beginning my work in Latin and some of the mathematics, my boys in the school up yonder on the hill were crowding hard on my heels all the time, and knew about as much as I did. I was on a keen jump, and just one day ahead of them. Moreover, I hadn't anything to eat, in those days. My friend and fellow teacher and myself used to set our trawl-lines just out beyond that flat rock. Then we used to study our next day's lessons in Latin and geometry by the light of a fire. 'God bless the catfish!' I have said ever since. If it had not been that we had

been favored in our fishing, I don't know what might have happened to Oneida college!"

They were worth every effort, these boys of the Kentucky Highlands. The chance to learn was like food to the starving, and no price that they could pay too great, no struggle too long.

"One boy came to me," Burns told Mr. Hough, "limping and tired. He had tuberculosis of the hip. He had no coat, hardly any shoes, almost no trousers, and he carried a carpetbag tied together with a piece of twine. His hair stuck out through his hat. He had walked twenty or thirty miles. He said he wanted an education. . . . One day I heard some of my scholars whispering together out in the hall. Whispering is against the rules, and I went out to disperse them. There seemed to be some conspiracy, and I found out what it was; those poor boys, who had earned a few cents by working on our farm, were taking up a collection, five cents, ten cents each, to get the 'new boy' a better pair of pants! I did not dismiss that meeting."

That "new boy" is soon to be in charge of educational work himself. Nine times the bad hip was operated on, and the ninth time it was cured.

The report of Oneida college spread across the Kentucky river into the Bullskin Valley, and one day "old man Combs" put two of his daughters on the back of a mule, took a third on another mule with him, and rode the fifty miles to the river, forded it, and drew up before the college door. Neither he nor any

one of the daughters could read or write, and he had brought them to the place where they could learn. Tears streamed down the faces of the girls and stood in the eyes of Burns of the Mountains when he told them that there was no room in which they could sleep, no food for them to eat, and no money with which to buy these things. With sad face the old man turned the mules' heads and started on the homeward journey.

"I watched them ford the river again, and turn back up the Bullskin Valley," Burns said. "My heart bled for them. I knew what they were going back to."

As he had dreamed of a college for the boys, so now Burns began to dream of a dormitory for the girls, which would make it possible for them to study with their brothers. So presently he gave out contracts for the building, engaged workmen, and went out to find some money. He went to Carrolton, where the White's Run Baptist Association was meeting, and with twenty cents, which constituted his entire capital, in his pocket, told his friends what he wanted to do. "Then," he says, "Mr. Carnahan, who has done so much for this college, said he would help on my labor pay-roll; and we borrowed five thousand dollars of a building and loan association that wasn't afraid to lend to the Lord."

This dormitory was only a beginning of good things for the girls. The generous gift of a woman in New York who heard Burns tell of the ambitious, responsive mountain children, has made possible another ten

thousand dollar brick building, where cooking, sewing, sanitation, and other household subjects are taught.

No boys were ever more eager for a chance than these girls of the mountains. Some of them write Mr. Burns letters like this:

"Prof. Burns
oneda Ky
I though i would write you to See if i could enter School with you all one a Free tuishen my father is ded and my mother is to Poor to send me to School and is not evan able to Furnish my Books and Close and Would Like to help make Suport fur the Familey and the way i am i Cant my ege is 19 and if you Cant hold me a Place in School can I get a job of house work. Can work at most anything in the house.

i have a hard way of Living and making my Suport i live in the Country and cant get anything fur my work. now you let me Just what you will do and Let me no what you will Pay a week for cooking if i cant get in School.

if i had Lurning i could make my mother Suport But as i am i cant

will close hoping to here frome you Soon
your reSPCtful
P.S. Let me no if i can get in or i cant."

When these girls have had a chance to "have lurning," they write papers which read, in part, like this:

"It is not an uncommon thing to find, anywhere in these mountains, families of ten or twelve living in one or two small rooms. There is practically no



ALONE IN THE MOUNTAINS

ventilation, the food is only half cooked, and the natural outcome is that some member of the family is nearly always sick. To those who know the importance of sanitation, wholesome, nutritious food, and pure air, it is not strange that so many people of the mountains are dying from tuberculosis and other contagious diseases. Very few of the people believe that tuberculosis is contagious, and therefore make no fight against it. The same holds with other preventable and curable diseases from which thousands are dying each year.

"Only for the past few years have we been alive to the fact that in order to make the mountain home what it should be, the girls must be educated. Since this is true, then, do not let us neglect the most important part of our training, training for that vocation for which every girl should prepare herself, the most sacred position any girl can hold, that of home-maker.

"The rise or fall of the future generation of mountaineers rests with the girls and boys of the present day, and, I should say, the greater responsibility rests with the girls. The woman has the training of the children, and by surrounding them in the home with those things which tend to best development, physically, mentally, and morally, she will be laying the foundation on which the success of their lives and the greatness of the nation depend."

It does not take a great amount of money to get "lurning" at Oneida Institute,—only four dollars a

month for room, board, and tuition. Very little money is paid out for food or servant hire. The boys cultivate the fields, and raise nearly all the food which the five hundred and twenty-four students eat, and in the doing of it learn modern scientific methods of agriculture which will help them to win such crops from their mountain soil as it has never before yielded. The girls not only study the theory of home-keeping, but by practical experience they learn how to care for their dormitory rooms, how to dress suitably, how to cook and serve wholesome food. Last summer they put up six hundred gallons of fruit and wild blackberries for use on the school table.

"The breed of Lincoln is not gone!" Emerson Hough declared, after he had met Burns of the Mountains. Burns too is an emancipator, he too is setting a people free—free from the bondage in which ignorance has held them. And they are a people worthy of their freedom.

Of them Burns says: "If these people were what the outside world has so long supposed them to be—savage, selfish, lawless, broilers, feudists, murderers—I would not try to help them, nor wish to do so. But they are not that. They are a simple, bold, honorable, generous, and able people, a splendid stock; and they must not be allowed to go on as they have—they are too good for that." "We want our place in the ranks of the useful citizenship of America," he cries. "We are not content either to stand still or to slip back as we have been doing. We want out and we want up!

However much the country helps us, we will pay it back again."

Pledge and prophecy of what his mountaineers can be is Burns himself, "a college president with only seventeen months of school," who has built "a hundred thousand dollar college with no better start than twenty cents." "J. A. Burns," says Emerson Hough, "will live and die in that valley, not much heralded, not much known, but his part of the country and ours will have been the better for his life and his vision. Such men give us a better hope of the future of America. I felt the strength of America itself back of this simple mountaineer when I talked with him."

"Some of you remember me when I came here, and you know me now," one of the Oneida girls said when she graduated. "If I am anything, if I ever shall be anything, I gratefully acknowledge it to be the work of this institution and especially of Professor Burns. Often the one thought that some day I may, in some way, be able to show my appreciation for what he has done for me, that I may, perhaps, please him, as a slight return for his influence, has forced me on when nothing else could."

And Mr. Hough writes, "There was something I wanted to say to him and never did say—I wanted to tell him how ashamed I was of my life, which had made so little out of good opportunity, whereas others have made so much out of none."

But Burns of the Mountains thinks not at all of what people say of him—his mind is too full of the vision

splendid of a new and radiant day for the children of the Cumberlands. "I never will quit," he pledges, "I never will be done until I see education spread all through these hills. I ask God to spare me till that time has come."

THE FRANCES WILLARD OF JAPAN

Be so busy living that you never have time to take thought of dying, for when you have learned how to live, you needn't be bothered with learning how to die.

—*Kaji Yajima.*



KAJI YAJIMA

THE FRANCES WILLARD OF JAPAN

Eighty-two years ago a baby girl was born in the home of one of the "town supervisors" of the prefecture of Kumamoto, Japan. Her father was a man of much prominence and influence, but there were many poor people in his district who needed to learn how to earn a living and to make the most of the little they had; and, in order to help to teach them how, the town supervisor and his family worked as hard and lived as simply as they did. Just as soon as the six little girls of the family were old enough they learned to help their mother take care of the silkworms, to reel and weave the silk, and later to cut it and make it into kimonos. All day long they were busy with this work and household tasks, but in the evening they, with their brother, gathered about their mother, who taught them to make the difficult characters of the Japanese alphabet, with a soft brush, and to understand what they meant. There were no schools for girls in Japan in those days, but these little girls never missed them, for, after they had learned from their mother how to read and write, their father taught them the Confucian classics and the ancient literature of Japan.

When Kaji, next to the youngest of these little girls, was about twenty years old, she married. The hardest

years of her life followed, for her husband proved to be a drunkard, and in spite of his wife's influence he never succeeded in conquering his weakness. For several years Mrs. Yajima did her utmost to help her husband and make a home, but at last she was released, and, broken in health, went back to her parents. Her only thought at this time was to spend the rest of her life there in peace and quiet. No other idea ever occurred to her. No life outside the home was open to women in old Japan, and, moreover, even the men of Japan began to think of retiring from active life at forty or fifty, and Mrs. Yajima was now almost forty years of age.

But great changes had been taking place in the little island empire during the years of Mrs. Yajima's married life. At the time of her marriage Japan was a medieval nation in all that the term implies. Conditions there were very similar to those in the Scotland of Sir Walter Scott's novels. A feudal clan system prevailed, the country being divided among several great military nobles, known as Daimios, each with fortified castle and retinue of armed retainers of Samurai. Nominally the country was ruled by the emperor, but in reality the emperor was a helpless puppet, the actual power being in the hands of the most powerful of the military nobles, who was known as the shogun.

Japan at this time was not only medieval: she was also a hermit nation, living in absolute isolation from all the rest of the world. She had not always been

thus closed to all outside influences. In the sixteenth century she had been open to trade with Europe, and with the traders had come Roman Catholic missionaries who were very successful in winning converts. But after some years of trade with Spain and Portugal Japan began to suspect that these nations were planning to overthrow her, and that the missionary priests were their agents. In 1614, the shogun believed that he had discovered a plot to undermine his power; and he at once issued an edict, denouncing all missionaries as enemies of the gods and of Japan, and ordering them, and all Japanese who had become priests, to leave the country at once. He also ordered all native Christians to recant, on pain of death. In the years that followed thousands upon thousands of Japanese Christians suffered unspeakable tortures rather than give up their faith. They were crucified, buried alive, burned at the stake, torn limb from limb, and hideously tortured, rather than recant. At one time thirty-seven thousand of them were massacred together. Finally Christianity seemed almost stamped out, but as late as 1873 placards were posted in various public places offering generous rewards to all who would give information against those who were suspected of being followers of the foreign faith. The shogun also issued most stringent edicts banishing all foreigners except the Dutch and the Chinese from the country on pain of death; sternly forbade any others to enter at any future time; and with equal severity forbade any

Japanese to leave his country, enforcing this order by destroying all sea-going vessels.

For two hundred and thirty years Japan succeeded in remaining in complete and unbroken isolation. In 1850 she was the same Japan which in 1624 had locked its doors, both outside and in, still living the life of the Middle Ages, serenely ignorant of and indifferent to the stirring modern life of the European nations. But in 1853 there came an interruption. A representative of a nation which Japan had scarcely heard of sailed across the Pacific and knocked politely but insistently upon her inhospitable door. In July of that year an American squadron anchored at the mouth of the Gulf of Yedo, and its commander, Commodore Perry, succeeded after not a little difficulty in delivering to the authorities the letter which he brought from the President of the United States, urging Japan to enter into commercial treaties with the young republic across the seas. During the decade following the delivery of this letter the long-closed door of Japan swung gradually open, until at last treaties had been made opening several important ports to trade with the United States, England, France, and other nations, and also permitting members of these nations to live within these ports. The year 1865, when all these treaties were ratified by the emperor, marked the final ending of Japan's seclusion and medievalism and the beginning of a new and stirring life.

The first step in this new life was the revolution which took place in 1868 and was one of the most

remarkable revolutions the world has ever seen. Many of the strongest Daimios united together against the shogun, compelled him to resign, seized the palace at Kyoto and proceeded to administer the government in the name of the emperor. Civil war followed, but the adherents of the emperor soon conquered; the shogunate which had lasted for seven hundred years was overthrown and in a few months the young emperor was everywhere acknowledged the real as well as the nominal ruler of the nation.

By the time Mrs. Yajima's married life was ended, the old Japan was a thing of the past. The young, energetic emperor set himself to the task of bringing his nation into line with the modern world as quickly as possible, and the rapidity with which he succeeded seemed almost miraculous.

Mrs. Yajima's brother was in the employ of the progressive new government, in Tokyo, and it was to the very heart of the stirring new life that his illness called her in 1871. Many of the things she saw in the capital interested her greatly, but none more than the schools for boys and girls which were being established under the new educational system, modeled on that of Massachusetts. Only a few years before there had been only a few schools for boys, and none at all for girls, but now the government proposed to establish public schools for both boys and girls all over the country making attendance at them compulsory. The greatest difficulty was in the matter of teachers. Hundreds were needed, but how could people who had

never been to school themselves know how to conduct a school? The government was trying to meet this difficulty, however, by a training course for those who wished to become teachers in the new schools. The first class was just about to begin training when Mrs. Yajima's brother was well enough to dispense with his sister's care, and he strongly urged her to take the course.

This was a startling idea to Mrs. Yajima. She had thought that active life was over for her, and at first it seemed impossible to begin a wholly new work and one which no Japanese woman had ever attempted before. Moreover she had no confidence in her own ability and doubted whether she could ever learn to teach. But the work attracted her greatly, and she finally yielded to her brother's advice and took the training, being a member of the first class which received certificates from the "Teachers' Training Association," which later developed into the government normal school.

For four years Mrs. Yajima taught in the primary schools of Tokyo. As she taught she became increasingly convinced of the truth of what she has so often said since: "Education without religion is only partial preparation for life." She came gradually to feel, too, that the religion which her parents had taught her was not the one which afforded the best preparation for living. She had read of the prayer which Commodore Perry had made upon entering Japan, in which he spoke of the people who had given him none too gracious a welcome as his brothers. This thought of

the brotherhood of the people of all nations impressed her very strangely and made her begin to feel that the religion of which it was a part could not be all bad, in spite of what she had been taught to believe. Moreover, when she was in Tokyo, she met certain people who seemed to her different from any she had ever known. She says that even before she knew anything of the religion which they professed she could not help noticing their fineness and strength. One of them was a young woman who had taken the teachers' training course with her, and at last Mrs. Yajima asked her where she went every Sunday and finally began to go to church with her. The more she learned of Christianity the more it appealed to her, until at last her interest became so evident that it attracted the attention of her fellow teachers. Religious liberty was not guaranteed until 1889, and the placards offering rewards to informers against Christians remained up until 1873, and Mrs. Yajima found that her interest in Christianity led to such hostile feeling against her that she finally resigned her position.

At just about this time Mrs. True, a missionary, was establishing a school for girls, but, as she had not yet learned the Japanese language, she very much needed the help of an able Japanese woman. Mr. Yasukawa, pastor of a church in Tokyo, had become acquainted with Mrs. Yajima, and at his recommendation she went to Mrs. True in 1877 and began the educational work for Japanese girls in which she was associated with the Presbyterian missionaries for thirty-five years.

Her interest in Christianity grew rapidly after she began her work with Mrs. True, for Mrs. True's life was a constant inspiration to her, and convinced her that the religion which she taught must be the true one. Not long after coming to Graham Seminary she united with the Presbyterian church of which she has been a most loyal and faithful member ever since, never hesitating even yet, although she is over eighty, to walk a mile, alone if necessary, to attend its services.

Mrs. Yajima worked with Mrs. True in Graham Seminary for several years, and then became the principal of another Christian school for girls, which had been established by a Japanese Christian woman, who finally turned it over to the Presbyterian mission. In 1890 this school was united with Graham Seminary to form the Joshi Gakuin, the splendid Presbyterian school for girls in Tokyo. Mrs. Yajima was appointed the principal of the new institution, and for over twenty years stood at its head. Before she laid down her active work in the Joshi Gakuin, in 1913, she had seen it grow into one of the largest and most advanced schools for girls in Japan, employing twenty Japanese teachers and five missionaries, with an average attendance of one hundred and sixty girls in the academy and thirty in the collegiate department.

In 1886 the Woman's Christian Temperance Union sent Mrs. Mary C. Leavitt to Japan to organize a department there. This was no easy task, for, while Japan had become almost startlingly modern in many

respects, woman's life was the last to feel the effects of the fresh impulses from the West. Not many Japanese women had as yet dreamed of the possibility of assuming any responsibilities outside the home, and the idea of a great national organization wholly controlled by women was appalling to them. It may well be doubted whether Mrs. Leavitt could have succeeded in organizing the Temperance Union without the whole-hearted help of Mrs. Yajima, who went from house to house, calling upon strangers as well as friends, firing her countrywomen with her own enthusiasm and making them believe in the cause so thoroughly that they were willing to attempt tasks hitherto undreamed of. Her energy and devotion were indefatigable; no effort was too great to make for a work which would save other homes from that which had ruined hers. Moreover, when she was a teacher in the primary schools, she had investigated the families of the boys and girls who did not do well in their studies and had found that eight tenths of these children came from homes where one or both parents drank. Mrs. Leavitt could have found no more intelligent, no more ardent opponent of sake,[1] the Japanese liquor, than Mrs. Yajima, nor could she have secured a more capable leader for the new movement.

After the work was finally started, with a membership of thirty Christian women, Mrs. Yajima gave every atom of time and strength which could be spared from her school work to building up the new organization. It was not easy. Mrs. Iwamoto, one of the supporters

[1] Pronounced sah'-ke.

of the new work, wrote ten years after the Union was organized: "Only those who have been in the heart of the movement can know how very arduous Kyofokwai (Woman's Christian Temperance Union) work has been and what patience it cost its first advocates to work it up, in the face of all manner of obstacles, to its present growth. Naturally there had been opposition to women taking up this kind of public work, and even Christians have not all been in favor of it. Besides, Japanese ladies have not nearly the same amount of time and money to contribute to public enterprises as foreign ladies of equal position in society. It is a matter well known how arduous a task it has been to keep the work going, as well as support the organ of the society, which was begun some years later, and edited solely by Kyofokwai ladies. But Mrs. Yajima and her associates have struggled bravely on to this day, and both the Christian and non-Christian public have come to recognize the monument of their patience and labors."

The matter of financial support was one of the greatest difficulties, for even the most interested Japanese women had little money to give. But if there was a need, Mrs. Yajima refused to be discouraged by lack of funds. Little by little, here and there, she herself collected 272 yen for the first Rescue Home; and when the *Woman's Herald,* which she herself carried on for several years, had a deficit she quietly paid it from her own funds.

The work over which Mrs. Yajima now presides

consists of sixty-nine branches in various parts of Japan, with a membership of over 5,000. Its activities are divided into thirteen departments: Legislation, Flower Mission, Mothers' Meetings, Rescue Work, Soldiers, Literature, Scientific Temperance, Education, Hygiene, Work in Factories, Evangelistic Work, Anti-Narcotics, and Mercy. Two magazines are now published, one of which has a subscription list of 1,200, the other of 11,000; a night school for young women is carried on; a rescue home endeavors to do both preventive and reformative work; and so large a work is done among children that a young Japanese woman, Miss Moriya, gives practically her entire time to that department.

The years during which Japan was at war with Russia were overwhelmingly busy ones for Mrs. Yajima. Many people were eager to send "comfort bags" to the sailors, and the government decided to permit such bags to be sent provided that the Woman's Christian Temperance Union would assume the responsibility of seeing that at least 30,000 bags were furnished, and of inspecting each bag to see that no objectionable object or literature was contained in it. The government seal was entrusted to Mrs. Yajima, and the government held her personally responsible for the number, size, and contents of all the bags. No bag was permitted to go until she had stamped it, but after her stamp was on it, it went straight to the sailors without further inspection. This meant no light responsibility, for in the first place Mrs. Yajima

had to guarantee that no less than 30,000 bags should be sent, and not a few of her associates felt that this number was impossibly large. Then each bag must be inspected to see that it held nothing except the articles approved by the government, such as towels, handkerchiefs, stockings, undershirts, tooth-brushes and tooth-powder, writing materials, sewing materials, approved medicine, sweetmeats that would not spoil in transportation, and other articles. After the bag had been inspected a Testament and some leaflets were added to its contents, and Mrs. Yajima stamped it. After weeks of work 30,000 bags were sent to the navy. The Union's work was by no means over, however, for no sooner had the men of the navy received their bags than the soldiers in the army pleaded for a similar gift, and Mrs. Yajima began work on a second lot of 30,000. One of her most treasured possessions is the set of bowls, decorated with the imperial seal, which the emperor sent her as a token of his personal appreciation of her months of work on behalf of the soldiers; but no less valued are the five thousand letters which came from the men of the army and navy themselves.

In 1906 the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union held a convention in Boston, and Mrs. Yajima was asked to bring greetings from Japan. She was seventy-four years old, she had never been outside of Japan, and she knew no English, and few of her friends encouraged her to make the long journey, but she decided to go. She felt that the Woman's

Christian Temperance Union in Japan needed two permanent missionaries who could give their full time to the work, and she wanted to present that plea to the great company at Boston. She had a niece in college in California who promised to take her across the continent, but she took the long voyage across the Pacific alone. While she was on the steamer she learned the Shepherd Psalm by heart, in English, that she might be able to give that "kokoro kara" (greeting) straight from her heart, without an interpreter.

Mrs. Yajima made a great impression on the audience which she addressed in Boston. Both she and her niece, who acted as her interpreter, "captured the convention by the naïveté and charm of their responses and greetings," says a report of the gathering. "Conspicuous on the platform stood a Japanese banner of crimson satin exquisitely embroidered in white and gold. 'Our nation is small,' said Mrs. Yajima, 'our people are small; therefore we bring a *large* banner.'" In the course of her address she remarked, "Every one who sees me says I am young. I say there is a reason that I must be young. I was born in the new life of Christianity only twenty-six years ago, so I am only twenty-six years old, and I must work at least thirty years or forty years more from to-day." At the close of her address the great audience rose and gave her the "white ribbon cheer," and the national secretaries presented her with beautiful flowers.

Her visit to America accomplished all that she had hoped it might, for the convention pledged itself to

support one temperance missionary to Japan and a New York member promised to support a second worker. Moreover one young woman became so much interested in Japan and the work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union there, through meeting Mrs. Yajima, that she became one of the two missionaries.

Before leaving America Mrs. Yajima was received by President Roosevelt, and tendered to him her grateful thanks for his service as a mediator between Japan and Russia.

Although over eighty Mrs. Yajima is as indefatigable as ever. A recent report from Miss Ruth Davis, missionary of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in Japan, reads: "This last May she (Mrs. Yajima) passed her eightieth birthday in the city of Nagasaki while on a month's tour of the southern island of Kyushu. It would be wonderful in any country, and it is especially wonderful in Japan, where the custom of retiring from active life at the age of fifty has not yet gone entirely out of fashion, for a woman of Mrs. Yajima's age to undertake such a journey, and to succeed in accomplishing the amount of work she planned for herself. Altogether she held sixty meetings and addressed over fifteen thousand people, speaking in girls' high schools, before branches of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and in the churches. She organized two new branches of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and gained one hundred and fifty active members for the societies

which were already in existence. Her traveling companion tells us that never once in the course of her journey did Madame Yajima say she was tired."

When the Yoshiwara [1] of Tokyo, the section of the city given up to houses of prostitution, was destroyed by fire, in 1911, Mrs. Yajima was one of the leading spirits in the campaign organized by the Salvation Army, the Young Men's Christian Association, and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union for the purpose of preventing its rebuilding. Although Mrs. Yajima was then seventy-eight years old, she presided over fifteen of the great mass-meetings held in the interests of this campaign, making a short address herself on each occasion. She also drew up the petition which was presented to the mayor, by her own efforts obtained ten thousand signatures to it, and presented it to the mayor in person. She received innumerable anonymous letters telling her that unless she stopped her efforts to prevent the rebuilding of the Yoshiwara her life would not be safe from day to day. But Mrs. Yajima paid no heed to these threats and went serenely on with her work, though it was often necessary for her to return from meetings in her jinrickisha at eleven or twelve o'clock at night.

Mrs. Yajima has lost none of her power as a speaker as she has grown older. Dr. Pettee, in giving an account of the national convention of the

[1] A district in Tokyo appropriated to the sex evil, with imposing buildings and features of most regrettable display of the young women devoted to immorality.

Woman's Christian Temperance Union, says that her age would never be suspected, "as you note the zeal and tact with which she presided over that great meeting, and especially if you were privileged to witness the businesslike manner in which she called through the telephone for a shorthand reporter to take down a full stenographic account of the proceedings. No wonder, she was enthusiastically received," he exclaimed, "being twice given a Chautauqua salute, and was unanimously reëlected president for another year."

She is still acceptable to the largest audiences. A recent note in the *Japan Evangelist* reads: "A large public meeting was held in the evening in an immense hall. . . . About one thousand people gathered to listen to members of Parliament, who made powerful appeals for the highest moral standard. . . . Mrs. Yajima made the opening address." "Perhaps no untitled Japanese woman," says Dr. Pettee of Japan, "has served on more important committees, graced more social functions, or exerted a wider influence in the moral uplift of the nation than modest Mrs. Yajima. She is loved and honored alike by her own people and by foreigners; by Christians and other religionists; by those of high estate and also by the lowly poor."

One of the staunchest of her friends is Count Okuma, the present premier of Japan. There is no tie of blood between them, but Count Okuma is fond of referring to Mrs. Yajima as "nei san" (older sister), claiming relationship to her on the ground of the kindred ideals

and ambitions for Japan which both are seeking to realize. " I have never known Count Okuma to refuse any request Mrs. Yajima made of him," one of her friends writes. " Both he and the countess are honorary members of the Temperance Union and have contributed generously toward its support, and time and again their beautiful home and gardens have been opened for its gatherings." Count Okuma has also been a frequent speaker at meetings held under the auspices of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Mrs. Yajima is herself the living exponent of the doctrine which she is constantly giving to the young people before whom she speaks. There are two rules for a long and happy life, she tells them: first, abstain from all things harmful; second, be so busy with good and useful work for others that there is no time for thought of self. " Be so busy living," she says, " that you never have time to take thought of dying, for when you have learned how to *live,* you needn't be bothered with learning how to die." Such advice from Mrs. Yajima is very convincing, for no one who knows how she fills each day to the brim with glad self-giving can doubt that she has so learned to live that when she lays down the tasks of earth it will be with joyous eagerness to take up the more perfect service of an even richer and more radiant life.

A MAN WITH A MESSAGE

I was ready to take all men to my heart.
—*Dwight L. Moody.*



DWIGHT L. MOODY

A MAN WITH A MESSAGE

The village of East Northfield, Massachusetts, was not a very large place in the middle of the last century, and life there used sometimes to seem a trifle slow to one of its youthful inhabitants. But there were ways to vary the monotony. One was to lead his willing schoolmates to the cattle sheds of "Squire" Alexander, where a number of young steers were kept. A quiet climb to the empty rafters suddenly followed by a chorus of wild Indian war-whoops and vigorous jumping on the loose planks furnished almost unlimited excitement for wildly fleeing steers, irate squire, and gleeful small boys. The appropriation of the squire's old pung to coast down the steep hill below his house was another adventure sufficiently reckless to be full of zest. Once a neat notice appeared on the schoolhouse door, stating that an out-of-town speaker would deliver a lecture on temperance there on a certain evening. When the evening came the schoolhouse was warmed and lighted for the occasion, and a number of people gathered to listen to the words of wisdom of the lecturer. But no lecturer appeared, and the audience finally dispersed, full of indignation at the practical joker whose identity no one knew, except a certain small boy who was loud in his con-

demnation of such a foolish joke. At another time this small boy was to give Mark Antony's oration over Julius Cæsar at the "closing exercises" of the district school. Just before his oration he introduced a touch of realism by placing on the desk a long narrow box to represent the coffin of the deceased Cæsar. In the height of his eloquence an impassioned gesture knocked off the box cover, and out sprang a terrified tom-cat, who dashed wild-eyed into the midst of a startled and almost equally terrified audience.

The stocky little boy who was the perpetrator of all these pranks was Dwight Lyman Moody, next to the youngest son in the family of nine sturdy Moody children. His father died suddenly while he was still a very little boy, and practically everything which the family owned, even to the kindling in the woodshed, was taken by his creditors. Dwight never forgot the morning after the kindling-wood had been taken, when the children were told to stay in bed until school-time to keep warm.

Many neighbors and friends advised "Widow Moody" to break up the home and place the children with families which would care for them. But, although she had nothing left but her children and almost no means of support, Mrs. Moody never for a moment considered such a plan as this. It was necessary, however, to take the boys from school and let them go to work while they were still little chaps. When Dwight was only ten, an older brother found a place for him to work during the winter months in a village

thirteen miles from Northfield, and one November morning the little fellow left home to take his part in the family's difficult task of keeping the wolf from the door.

"Do you know," he said, many years later, "November has always been a dreary month to me, ever since. As we passed over the river and up the opposite side of the valley we turned to look back for a last view of home. It was to be my last for weeks, for months, perhaps forever, and my heart well-nigh broke at the thought. That was the longest journey I ever took, for thirteen miles was more to me at ten than the world's circumference has been ever since." There was no thought of turning back, however, for he had promised to go, and the Moody boys had been taught that a promise must be kept at all costs.

The Moody children knew much of poverty and hard work, nothing of luxuries, and not much of comfort; but their mother taught them not only to be satisfied with little, but to share that little with those who had less. When she let them vote one evening, just as they were sitting down to a very scanty supper, whether they would share it with a hungry beggar, it was unanimously decided that their slices should be cut a little thinner that the hungry man might have a part.

The religious teaching which Dwight L. Moody received as a child was very different in one way from that which his own children received, for he knew almost nothing of the Bible. But though he lacked

familiarity with the Book which he afterward held as "the dearest thing on earth," he did not lack a knowledge of the God of whom the Bible taught. Every Sunday, rain or shine, the Moody children, big and little, started off for church, their lunch pails in one hand and in summer their shoes and stockings in the other. They spent the day at the church, hearing a sermon both morning and afternoon, and then all trooped home for supper.

"Trust in God" was the sum and substance of their mother's creed, and even while they were still very little things the children showed that they had learned to love and trust him too.

When Dwight was seventeen years old he determined to go to Boston to find work. He had no money, but he decided that he would go, even if he had to walk all the way. His mother could not help him, but on his way to the station he met an older brother, who gave him five dollars, which was just enough to pay his railroad fare. The first days in Boston were probably the unhappiest in his life. "I remember how I walked up and down the streets trying to find a situation," he said, many years later, "and I recollect how, when they answered me roughly, their treatment would chill my soul. But when some one would say, 'I feel for you; I would like to help you but I can't; but you'll be all right soon!' I felt happy and light-hearted. That man's sympathy did me good. It seemed as if there was room for every one else in the world, but none for me. For about

two days I had the feeling that no one wanted me. I never have had it since, and I never want it again. It is an awful feeling!"

He had two uncles in the shoe business in the city, but they did not offer to give him work, and it was a long time before he was willing to ask for it. When he finally did go to his uncle, he found him very willing to employ him, and for two years he was one of the most successful salesmen in his uncle's store.

It was during his stay in Boston that Mr. Moody definitely enrolled himself as a follower of Jesus Christ. One day while he was at work wrapping up shoes in his uncle's store, his Sunday-school teacher, Mr. Kimball, came in, and laying his hand on his shoulder began to talk with him. "I simply told him of Christ's love for him and the love Christ wanted in return," Mr. Kimball said. "That was all there was. It seemed the young man was just ready for the light that broke upon him, and there, in the back of that store in Boston, he gave himself and his life to Christ."

"I remember the morning on which I came out of my room after I had first trusted Christ," Moody says. "I thought the old sun shone a good deal brighter than it ever had before. I thought that it was just smiling upon me; and as I walked out upon Boston Common and heard the birds singing in the trees I thought they were all singing a song to me. Do you know, I fell in love with the birds! I had never cared for them before. It seemed to me that I was in love with all

creation. I had not a bitter feeling against any man, and I was ready to take all men to my heart."

After two years in Boston, Moody decided that there was greater opportunity for a young business man in the West, and in the autumn of 1856 went to Chicago. He secured a good position soon after he arrived, and at once allied himself with the Plymouth Congregational Church. He was very eager to do some kind of Christian work, and having no faith in his ability to teach or speak, he decided that he would rent a pew in the Plymouth Church and fill it with young men every Sunday. There was doubtless a large number of much-startled young men in Chicago every Sunday morning at this time, for he waited for no introductions but hailed perfect strangers on the street corner, or invaded the boarding-houses and even the saloons, with his novel invitation. His hospitality was irresistible, and he was soon renting four pews and filling every seat in them with his guests each Sunday.

Then he looked around for something to do on Sunday afternoons. He soon discovered a little mission Sunday-school on North Wells Street, where there were sixteen teachers to twelve pupils, and he at once constituted himself the school's recruiting agent. The first Sunday he appeared with eighteen ragged little urchins, who increased the enrolment of the Sunday-school one hundred and fifty per cent. Every Sunday afternoon for several weeks thereafter he appeared, like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, with a troop of new

small boys and girls behind him, until the Wells Street Sunday-school was so full that he decided that his services were no longer needed. He then devoted his energy to building up another mission Sunday-school in another part of the city with such success that it was soon necessary to rent a larger public hall in which to hold it.

" Sunday was a busy day for me then," Mr. Moody used to say. " During the week I would be out of town as a commercial traveler, selling boots and shoes, but I would always manage to be back by Saturday night. Often it was late when I got to my room, but I would have to be up by six o'clock to get the hall ready for Sunday-school. This usually took most of the morning, and when it was done I would have to drum up the scholars and new boys and girls. By the time two o'clock came we would have the hall full, and then I had to keep order while the speaker for the day led the exercises. When school was over I visited absent scholars and found out why they were not at Sunday-school, called on the sick, and invited the parents to attend the gospel service. By the time I had made my rounds the hour had come for the evening meeting, where I presided, and following that we had an after-meeting. By the time I was through the day I was tired out."

Mr. Moody's irrepressible enthusiasm and energy soon built up a thriving Sunday-school of fifteen hundred pupils, and a large staff of strong teachers. He did not act as superintendent himself, and usually left

most of the teaching to others, but he was inevitably the center of attraction for the children.

As the school grew, its work naturally extended beyond the children to the parents, and the young Sunday-school worker soon saw that he could not meet the needs and opportunities for work in the neighborhood and go on with his business as well. The struggle that followed this realization was a severe one, for young Moody was already an unusually successful business man. He had risen rapidly since coming to Chicago, and although less than twenty-four years old had earned $5,000 on commissions in a single year, in addition to his salary. Moreover it was very hard for him to turn his back upon a work in which he had been eminently successful, to enter one which would require him to do many things for which he felt he was not fitted. He knew that he could bring young men to church to hear other men preach, and could fill a big Sunday-school with pupils for other teachers, but it was a long time before he saw that he must be ready not only to recruit, but to teach and preach as well.

His first attempts at speaking in public had not met with a great deal of encouragement. After his first testimony in prayer-meeting a frank old deacon assured him that, in his opinion, he would serve God best by keeping still. Another fellow church-member praised his work as a filler of pews, but urged him to limit his Christian service to such lines as that, and not attempt to speak in public. " You make too many

mistakes in grammar," he told him. Moody accepted the criticism good-naturedly and humbly. "I know I make mistakes," he said, "and I lack a great many things, but I am doing the best I can with what I've got." Then after a moment's pause he added, with irresistible good-humor and earnestness, "Look here, friend; you've got grammar enough—what are you doing with it for the Master?"

It is not surprising that it was hard for Moody to decide to give himself wholly to a task which inevitably included some public work. But he finally turned his back squarely and forever upon the business world, in which he had already achieved notable success and which held such glowing promises for the future.

He had saved $7,000 and he decided to live on this as long as it lasted. In order to make it hold out as long as possible he left his comfortable boarding-house for a cot in the prayer-meeting room of the Young Men's Christian Association and irregular meals at a cheap restaurant. His one thought was to make his savings last, and he did not realize the necessity of making his health last, too. He used often to say in later years, "I was an older man before thirty than I have ever been since. A man's health is too precious to be as carelessly neglected as was mine."

Morning, noon, and night young Moody now devoted himself to aggressive Christian work. He kept up his big Sunday-school and spent much time visiting in the homes of the hundreds of children who filled the big hall every Sunday, and interesting the parents

in the evangelistic meetings which he was conducting almost every evening. He usually secured outside speakers for these meetings, but sometimes led them himself. Every noon found him at the daily prayer-meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, the responsibility for which had been entrusted to him. The Rev. H. C. Mabie tells of the first time he met Moody, at one of these noon prayer-meetings.

"As we passed in there was a stocky, bustling Simon-Peter sort of a man standing at the door, and shaking hands with all who entered. He spoke an earnest word to each. At the close of the meeting this same man remained to speak and pray with an inquirer or two who had shown signs of interest during the meeting. This honest man was Mr. Moody, and he made an impression on me for life. I had never before seen a layman so making it his business to press men into the Kingdom as he seemed to be doing."

When the Civil War broke out, Moody at once joined the western branch of the Christian Commission, and gave himself to Christian work among the soldiers.

After the great battle of Pittsburg Landing a large company of doctors and nurses were sent from Chicago to care for the wounded, and Moody went with them. He was one of the first, too, to help with the wounded after the battles of Shiloh, and Murfreesboro, and was with the army at Chattanooga and Richmond. The story of his months with the soldiers is a thrilling one. Day after day he stood before great companies of men

on the eve of battle, kindling them with his own ardor for the Lord of hosts; appealing to them to enroll themselves in the army of the Son of God.

"Crowds and crowds turned out to hear him," says General Howard, with whose command he served for some time. "He showed them how a soldier could give his heart to God. His preaching was direct and effective, and multitudes responded with a promise to follow Christ." And when the battle was over, and the hospital tents were filled with broken and dying men, Moody was always there, gentle of touch and voice, bringing comfort and peace wherever he went. After the war had ended Moody went back to his work in Chicago.

In 1863, in spite of Mr. Moody's strong advice to the contrary, the North Market Hall Sunday School had been organized into a permanent church, known as the Illinois Street Church. Moody felt that it was unwise to multiply organizations, and urged the people to join some church in the neighborhood, but when he saw that the new church was inevitable, he gave himself whole-heartedly to its work. The church was open every evening of the week, and Mr. Moody was there practically every night, often leading the evangelistic meetings himself.

His work in the army had made him known to a much larger circle of people than before, and he was in great demand for work in the Young Men's Christian Association and at Sunday-school conventions, but he still received some very frank criticisms, and still met them

in the humble, teachable spirit which the earnest young beginner had shown.

At one of the conventions at which he spoke, one of the speakers who followed him commented very unfavorably on his address, saying that it was merely a collection of newspaper clippings and the like. When this critic sat down, Mr. Moody rose and said that he knew that the criticisms which had just been made were true, that he recognized his lack of education and his inability to make a fine address, and wanted to thank the speaker for pointing out his short-comings, and to pray that God would help him to do better.

Very few people ever saw any evidence of the hot temper which was a part of Dwight L. Moody's natural endowment, but once in a long time when he was tried beyond endurance it would flash out suddenly. One evening, after a very earnest meeting, Mr. Moody was standing at the door of the room where the inquiry meeting was to be held, urging the men to come in. The door to this room was on the lower landing of the stairway, at the head of a short flight, and as Moody stood there a man came up to him and deliberately insulted him. Mr. Moody would never repeat the insult, but it was such as to make him thrust the man from him so violently as to send him reeling down the stairway. The man was not hurt, but Moody's repentance was instant. A friend who was there, says:

"When I saw Mr. Moody give way to his temper, although I could not but believe the provocation was

extraordinary, I said to myself, 'This meeting is killed. The large number who have seen the whole thing will hardly be in a condition to be influenced by anything more Mr. Moody may say to-night.' But before Moody began the second meeting that night he rose, and with trembling voice made a humble apology.

"'Friends,' he said, 'before beginning to-night I want to confess that I yielded just now to my temper, out in the hall, and have done wrong. Just as I was coming in here to-night I lost my temper with a man, and I want to confess my wrong before you all, and if that man is present here whom I thrust away from me in anger I want to ask his forgiveness and God's.—Let us pray.'

"There was not a word of excuse or vindication for resenting the insult. The impression made by his words was wonderful, and instead of the meeting being killed by the scene, it was greatly blessed by such a consistent and straightforward confession."

In 1867 and 1872 Mr. Moody visited England, the first trip being made chiefly in the interest of his wife's health, and the second one for the purpose of doing some Bible study under the guidance of English professors. Neither visit was a long one, but Moody made a host of friends, three of whom, the Rev. William Pennefather, Mr. Cuthbert Bainbridge, and Mr. Henry Bewley, strongly urged him to come to Great Britain in 1873, for a series of evangelistic meetings, promising to meet all his traveling expenses and those of his party. The work in Chicago was in such a condition

that Mr. Moody felt able to leave it, and he and his family, with Mr. Sankey, whose singing was an important part of the evangelistic campaign, sailed for Liverpool in June, 1873. They were somewhat surprised that the money for their traveling expenses did not reach them before they sailed, as had been arranged, but when they reached Liverpool they understood. A letter was awaiting them, telling them that all three of the friends who had promised to plan and finance this visit in Great Britain had suddenly died.

"God seems to have closed the doors," Mr. Moody said to Mr. Sankey. "We will not open any ourselves. If he opens the door we will go in; otherwise we will return to America."

That night, in the hotel at Liverpool, Mr. Moody found in his pocket an unopened letter which he had received just before sailing. He found that it was from the secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of York, England, telling him that he had heard of his work among young men in America, and that he hoped if he ever came to England he would come to York.

"The door is only ajar," Mr. Moody exclaimed, "but we will consider the letter as God's hand leading to York, and we will go there."

Mr. Moody arrived in York Saturday morning, and began his meetings on Sunday. It was summer-time, there had been no time for preparation, and the secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association was practically the only person in York who had ever heard

of Mr. Moody. But after the first week the meetings grew steadily and rapidly, in both attendance and interest, and attracted much attention throughout England. After five weeks of meetings in York, during which several hundreds professed their purpose to become Christians, Mr. Moody accepted an invitation to Sunderland, where the meetings were even larger than those in York. The meetings in Sunderland were followed by several weeks of very successful work in Newcastle-on-Tyne, and in November Mr. Moody began ten weeks of meetings in Edinburgh. Early in February, work was begun in Glasgow. The interest in the meetings and the response to them were everywhere overwhelming.

During the following year Mr. Moody conducted similar meetings in Belfast, Londonderry, Dublin, Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, and Liverpool, everywhere preaching to enormous, eager audiences, and everywhere winning thousands to allegiance to his Master. In March, 1875, he began his four months' campaign in London, the largest city of the world, and in many respects one of the most difficult in which to hold such services. Most careful preparation had been made for this campaign, and a large and earnest committee worked closely with Mr. Moody all through it. The first meeting was held in Agricultural Hall, which was filled with eager listeners throughout the months of Mr. Moody's work in London, and a second place of meeting, the Bow Road Hall, on the east side of London, was also packed every night.

"The preaching begins at eight o'clock," an American who was in London during these meetings wrote home. "At half past seven every chair in the hall is filled. Late comers, who cannot be packed upon the platform, or find standing-room out of range of those who are seated, are turned away by the policemen at the entrances. . . . A Christian cannot look into the faces of this serious, hushed, expectant audience of eight or ten thousand people without being deeply moved by the thought of the issues that may hang on this hour. Hundreds, if not thousands of them have come from other quarters of the city, from five to ten miles away. They sit so closely packed that the men wear their hats. Ushers, carrying their tall rods of office, are thickly scattered along the entrances and aisles. . . . At the close of the address, which was something less than an hour long, those who wished to become Christians were invited to stand up; and several hundred arose."

"Nothing is clearer than that London has been remarkably stirred by the labors of these two evangelists," the same American wrote. "The windows of every print store are hung with their pictures. Penny editions of Mr. Sankey's songs are hawked about the streets. The stages and the railway stations are placarded to catch the travelers for their meetings. The papers report their services with a fulness never dreamed of before in giving account of religious meetings."

During his four months in London, Mr. Moody

held 285 meetings, which it was estimated were attended by approximately 2,530,000 people.

During the first winter after his return to America, in 1875, he conducted campaigns in Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and New York, all of which were very largely attended and most successful in every way. They not only reached vast numbers of people; they also touched all kinds of people. A newspaper reported of the New York meetings: "In the Hippodrome Mr. Moody has gathered day by day the largest audiences ever seen in this city. Lawyers, bankers, merchants, some of whom scarcely ever enter a church, are just as much a part of his congregations as are the second-rate and the third-rate boarding-house people mentioned so conspicuously in a recent analysis. All classes and conditions of men have been represented in these great revival meetings."

"Whatever philosophical skeptics may say," said the *New York Times,* after the meetings in the Hippodrome had closed, "the work accomplished this winter by Mr. Moody in this city for private and public morals will live. The drunken have become sober, the vicious virtuous, the worldly and self-seeking unselfish, the ignoble noble, the impure pure, the youth have started with more generous aims, the old have been stirred from grossness. A new hope has lifted up hundreds of human beings, a new consolation has come to the sorrowful, and a better principle has entered the sordid life of the day through the labors of these plain men. Whatever the prejudiced may say against

them, the honest-minded and just will not forget their labors of love."

Five great campaigns in Brooklyn, Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, and Boston were the beginning of Mr. Moody's evangelistic work in America, to which he gave almost all his time until his death in 1899. He visited all the leading cities in the United States and Canada, from north to south and from east to west, sometimes spending an entire winter in concentrated work in one city. He never lost his power. When in 1897, two years before he was forced to lay down his work, he conducted a series of meetings in the Auditorium, the largest building in Chicago, with a seating capacity of six thousand, the *Chicago Times-Herald* reported of the opening meeting:

"It made a scene without precedent. Six thousand more men and women were standing in the streets after the management had ordered the doors closed. This multitude would not accept the announcement that the vast hall was packed from ceiling to pit. It swept around the corners and in the avenues until traffic was blocked. The cable cars could not get past. . . . A line of policemen tried to argue, but the crowd would not be reasoned with. An hour before the time for opening there had been a stampede. Then men at the entrances were swept from their posts by the tide. The overflow waited patiently during the service, and a small fraction of it was able to get inside after Mr. Moody had finished his sermon."

When his campaigns for the year were over, Mr.

Moody turned, like a boy from school, to his old home in the little village of Northfield. His son says: "Nothing was more characteristic of Mr. Moody than his longing for retirement in the country from the press of his work. Though his life-work lay for the most part in great cities, he was born a country lad, and for him the 'everlasting hills' possessed a wealth of meaning and a marvelous recuperative power. Some instinct drew him back to the soil, some mysterious prompting impelled him to solitude, away from the crowds that absorbed so much of his strength; then, after a little respite, he would return with new strength and new vitality."

One day not long after Mr. Moody had returned to Northfield to live, he and his younger brother drove past a lonely cottage on one of the mountain roads, far from any neighbor or town. The mother and two daughters of the family were sitting in the doorway braiding the straw hats by the sale of which they supported themselves and the helpless paralyzed husband and father. The father was an educated man, and the daughters were eager for an opportunity to learn how to do other things than braiding straw hats, but what chance was there for them, in that out-of-the-way place, to go to school? Mr. Moody kept thinking about these girls, and other girls like them, scattered through the hills of New England, and talked to his friends about them, until in 1878 he had collected enough money to purchase land for a boarding-school where girls from families of small means could re-

ceive a thorough Christian education. In 1879 a recitation hall large enough to accommodate one hundred students was built, and in 1880 ground was broken for the first dormitory. To-day the alumnæ of Northfield Seminary are in positions of influence all over the world.

Almost before the work at Northfield Seminary was well under way, Mr. Moody began to plan for a similar school for boys. His friends responded as generously to his appeal on behalf of the boys as they had to that for the girls, and for almost thirty-five years the Mount Hermon School has meant to young men what Northfield Seminary, three miles away, has meant to young women. In Chicago there is another school established by Mr. Moody, and bearing his name—the Moody Bible Institute.

One summer soon after Mr. Moody began his evangelistic campaign in America, he invited a group of Christian workers to come to Northfield for ten days of prayer and conference together. From that beginning thirty-five years ago have grown the six big Christian Conferences which every summer bring together at Northfield men and women, young and old, from almost every part of the world.

In November of 1899, Mr. Moody was preaching every day to great throngs of men and women who crowded the Convention Hall of Kansas City. He had never preached with greater power, and never seemed more joyous in his work.

"I have no sympathy with the idea that our best



ROUND TOP

days are behind us," he declared to his audience one night, and chuckled as he told them how he had felt when he saw in the newspapers that "old Moody was in town."

"Why," he said, "I am only sixty-two; I am only a baby in comparison with the great eternity which is to come!"

But the friends who were watching him closely saw that he seemed ill, and that, although he showed no signs of weakness while he was preaching, each service left him more exhausted than the one before. Finally they insisted that he go home, and reluctantly he left the campaign in the hands of others, and went back to his boyhood home among the hills of Northfield. There, on the day after Christmas, they laid him to rest on Round Top, in the heart of the school he had founded, on the hill made sacred to thousands by the "Round Top meetings" of the conferences he had established.

In far-away China, a young father brought his baby son to the missionary for baptism, and asked that the little boy be given the name "Moo Dee." The missionary had never heard a Chinese name like that, and after the baptism questioned the father about its origin.

"I have heard of your man of God, Moody," the father told him. "In our dialect *Moo* means love, and *Dee*, God. I would have my child, too, love God."

A BELOVED PHYSICIAN

How I long to live a life like Christ's, full of sacrifice and love.

—*Li Bi Cu.*



LI BI CU

A BELOVED PHYSICIAN

When the missionary in charge of the Foochow orphanage opened the door one morning, several years ago, she found a little bundle of rags lying beside it. Inside the rags was a wee baby girl, whose parents had felt that the burden of another girl-child was too much for them to carry. So the missionary took the baby into the orphanage, and kept her there until she had grown up into a strong, educated, Christian young woman. Then she married Mr. Li, a graduate of the theological school of Foochow, and went with him into a lonely little mountain village, where there was a tiny Methodist church. While they were working in this village their first child was born, a baby girl, little Bi Cu, who was not left on any one else's doorstep, but was welcomed with a feast of rejoicing to which all the church-members were invited; for she had come to a Christian home where baby girls were as dearly loved as little sons.

As soon as Li Bi Cu was old enough she was sent to the boarding-school for girls at Hinghwa, and while she was there did such good work that her missionary friends wished that she might have a chance for further study. So when Mrs. Brewster was going back to America on her furlough she wrote to friends

asking whether money for Li Bi Cu's education could be provided if she were to bring her home with her. A cablegram brought the answer, "Yes," and when Mrs. Brewster landed in America in May of 1897, Li Bi Cu was with her.

With no knowledge of the English language, and very little preparation in the subjects which were a prerequisite to the medical course which she planned to take, Li Bi Cu began at the very beginning in the primary classes of the public school at Herkimer, New York. She worked untiringly, through term time and vacation time, and took the two years' course in Folts Mission Institute after leaving the public school. In the autumn of 1901, four years after her arrival in America, she was ready to enter the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia. The work here was not easy, but Li Bi Cu was a faithful student. Her interne work often took her into the most unpleasant sections of the city, where it was hard for an American woman to work, and doubly so for a Chinese. But she never shrank from any test, nor asked that she should be treated in any different way from the other students because of the disadvantages under which she worked as a foreigner.

While in the medical college Li Bi Cu came in contact with the type of student who refuses to believe anything which cannot be proved by a scientific formula. Some of them told her that the religion which her parents and the missionaries had taught her was no longer believed by any intelligent person in Amer-

ica, but was simply an old tradition which educated people did not accept. To be told this by students who had been born and brought up in a Christian country was a severe trial for this little Chinese girl, so far away from her family and her teachers. But she faced her struggle quietly. One of the student secretaries of the National Young Women's Christian Association of America was making a visit to the medical college about this time, and to her Li Bi Cu came with her story of what some of the students had been saying to her.

"Do you think that what they said was true?" the secretary asked her.

"I thought I would wait until you came," Li Bi Cu answered. "You know students. You will tell me the truth."

"But what did you think about it yourself?"

"I thought, I will watch those students," Li Bi Cu replied. "I will see what they have to give me that my missionaries have not given me."

"And what did you find?"

"They have nothing to give," was Li Bi Cu's verdict. She had tested her faith by her Master's own standard. By their fruits she had known.

Dr. Li graduated from the Woman's Medical College with high honors in 1905, and returned to China in September of that year. Before she left America she was received by President Roosevelt, who extended special courtesies to her, and talked with her of her plans for work in China. She treated her first patient

even before she reached the coast; for on the way to San Francisco the train on which she was traveling ran over a Russian track laborer, seriously injuring him. He was carried into the baggage car, and there Dr. Li stopped the violent hemorrhage from which he was suffering, and made him as comfortable as possible until the train reached a station from which he could be taken to a hospital.

Dr. Li had been away from China for over eight years when she returned, and the joy of her home-coming is the dominant note of the first letter sent back to America:

"I was indeed happy when the little steam launch landed at Foochow. My father came about eighteen miles to meet me. He did not look a day older to me. Of course we began to talk our native language at once, but my tongue would not twist properly. How my father did laugh! By the time we got to the end of the eighteen miles I was able to speak a little better. My dear mother was at the girls' boarding-school awaiting me. She stood at the door nearly all the morning waiting for me. I cannot tell you how I felt. I only knew I was happy.

"I was in about two hours when many people came to see me, for Miss Bonafield had planned a reception for me. We had a lovely time together. Several of the missionaries sang and played. I enjoyed every part except the part I took. They asked me to speak a few words. I do not think I was ever so frightened

as I was at that time, because they hardly gave me time to collect my thoughts.

"I spent a week in Foochow to have my ancient style changed. I told my friends that it is a pity we do not publish a *Delineator* in China, so that those who return from other countries may not be so noticeable on the streets."

During the few days which Dr. Li spent in Foochow she not only had her "ancient style changed" but also improved the opportunity of visiting the hospitals of the city, that she might see how hospitals in the climate of southern China were constructed and cared for. She and her parents also made a visit to Ngu Cheng, a comparatively new station of the mission, where it was proposed that the young physician should carry on medical work. There she was greeted enthusiastically by the firing of hundreds of firecrackers. After a short stay, which was however long enough to impress her with the need of medical work there, she went to Hinghwa. Her own words shall tell of her return to her home city:

"We had a complete family reunion. The people there met me with banners, firecrackers, and music. I felt very strange to have such a demonstration. I had hoped to get into the city quietly, but I could not help it. There was a very large crowd because the Hinghwa Conference was in session. My dear brothers and sisters have grown much. My youngest sister, whom I have never seen, went about a mile with others to meet me. As soon as she saw me she ran to meet

me and came into my [sedan] chair. She is only five years old, and she is just as sweet as she can be. My oldest brother prepared a feast for us, so we had a very happy reunion."

After eight years' absence from her native land, Dr. Li found that she had almost forgotten how much need there was. Had she needed a further incentive to her work as a physician, the constant appeal made to her sympathetic heart by the suffering all about her would have supplied it.

"Oh, dear Mrs. S——," she wrote to a friend, a few weeks after her return, "I did not know half about China when I was in America. The condition is worse than I thought." In another letter written about the same time, she said, "I cannot tell you how I felt when I stepped into a sedan-chair. I was so sad and so sorry for my fellow men who had to carry me. I wished I were only ten pounds then, so that they might not have to carry such a load. The streets seem narrower than when I left home, but I suppose it is because I have seen wider ones and cleaner ones since. I never saw so many people on the streets as I saw in Foochow. That day I saw a blind woman and a child who were leading each other. How my heart ached for them. They were begging at every store, but they were being knocked about by the crowd."

Dr. Li was appointed to Ngu Cheng at the Hinghwa Conference, and after a very brief stay with the family from which she had been so long separated, she eagerly began her work there. "My stay at home is short,"

she admitted, " but I feel that I must go and see about the building at once. The people will be glad to work until Chinese New Year, then they will want to stop, so I can come home and visit with my people at that time."

One of her letters gives a glimpse of her impressions of Ngu Cheng: " Ngu Cheng is not very large itself, but there are numberless villages within our reach. The place is near the ocean and therefore very windy. The hills are destitute of trees, but there are many huge rocks. The fields are wide and very abundant, but the earth is not fertile, so they do not give good increase, consequently the people are miserably poor. These people have very little education of any kind, most of them have none."

Dr. Li rented a Chinese house to serve until the new hospital building could be erected, and began work at once. Ngu Cheng was not an easy place in which to work. The missionary work was comparatively new; the city was too far away from any large center to have been touched and enlightened by foreign influence; and the poverty and ignorance of the people made work for them very difficult. In her first annual report Dr. Li admitted: " When I first came there was cause for discouragement; for there were few patients and they expected to be healed after the first dose. When called to their homes one is sure to see a dying case, or one which is given up as hopeless by their own doctors." Yet she soon gained the confidence of the people, and

in her first five months of work eight hundred patients were treated.

For her first year's work she reported 2,905 patients in the dispensary, 143 visits, and 150 ward patients, with one death in the hospital, that of a child who was in the last stages of disease and exhaustion when brought there. "This is only the experimental year," she said, "so I hope next year the work will be more successful." But the verdict of her coworkers was: "Her fitness and adaptability are a delight to her missionary friends, while they greatly rejoice over her influence in evangelistic efforts."

Of this phase of her work Dr. Li wrote at this time: "The hospital patients have a very good opportunity to learn about Christ. Many of them have come to believe in our God, and have destroyed the idols. Several of the patients have unbound their feet. If there were more rooms I could have taken many more. I had to send away some patients at times, because the hospital was too crowded. Two whole families were brought to Christ as the result of our out calls."

Dr. Li's new hospital building was completed during the summer of 1907, and the dispensary was moved into it in August. "It was astonishing to see how quickly the news spread," Dr. Li reported. "The first few days there were over thirty cases daily, and since then hardly ever less than twenty. I wish you could see the surprised look of the many people who pass in and out each day. They say, 'This is heaven!' Poor people! It must be a heaven in contrast with their own

surroundings. Many have said, 'Just to live in these rooms is enough to make one well, without any medicine.'"

In another letter, written at about the same time, she says: "We had a hard time to keep the crowd out until we were ready to show them the house. They said the foreigners must be very rich to build such a house for the sick. They have never seen so many pretty things before, and most of them have only one set of new bedding all their lives, and that is when they are married. One of our rules is that every one must take a bath before getting into bed. I thought every one would object to such procedure, but very few objected to it. Before they came they were afraid of getting lonely here, but most of them hated to leave us."

The interest which the people took in the work of the hospital was a great joy to Dr. Li, and she especially appreciated the gift which the preachers and teachers of Ngu Cheng made toward the furnishings of the building. "The preachers and teachers are very enthusiastic, and not long ago took up a collection for the hospital," a letter reads. "What do you suppose was the amount? They gave $254 Mexican;[1] and it was not so much the money they gave, although it was more than I expected, but the spirit of it. It was a free-will offering. It is a great deal for them to give; as the preachers get only $5 Mexican a month, and the teachers one dollar less. Since everything is going up

[1] The Mexican dollar has a value of about forty-four cents.

in price, they have to deny themselves a great deal to give."

The thirtieth of October, 1907, was the day set for the dedication of the new building. Dr. Li shall tell the story of the day's exercises: "In the morning of that eventful day about twelve preachers came with music, firecrackers, banner, and a large tablet. The border of the tablet is green and gilt, and the center is painted red with four large gold characters in it. The characters mean 'Life to Men and Charity to the World.' They hung that on our chapel wall. We invited them to our dining-room to take tea and four kinds of Chinese cake. They seemed to enjoy it very much. They admired our beautiful hospital, and they said it is the best building in the village. The formal dedication took place in the afternoon. We began the services with a grand song. After another song by the girls, Mrs. Bashford gave a very inspiring address. Bishop Bashford gave a little address, followed by the sacred service. How fervently did the bishop pray for this place." And the young physician added: "While the bishop was dedicating the house to God, I dedicated my life anew. How I do long to live a life like Christ's, full of sacrifice and love."

With her splendid new hospital as a center Dr. Li is carrying on a sorely-needed and ever-growing work. The waiting-room in her dispensary is usually crowded, her hospital wards almost always full, the calls from patients too ill to come to her are constant. The growth of the work soon made it necessary for Dr.

Li to have help, and in addition to the care of her patients she has undertaken the responsibility of training nurses to work with her. Whenever the pressure of the work in Ngu Cheng will permit it, she goes out into the near-by country to try to help the sick folk in the villages and towns where there are no doctors. "We were very sorry not to be able to spend more than a day in a place," she wrote after one of these trips. "So many of the people had to be sent away. If we could have stayed longer we could have seen more than a thousand; as it was we saw about seven hundred patients. It was hard to realize how many suffering ones there are whose sufferings are never relieved. Many of those whom we treated ought to come to our hospital, but they cannot afford to hire chairs to bring them."

Dr. Li's constant contact with disease and poverty has never rendered her in the least callous to them. Her recent letters are as full of expressions of pain at the suffering all about her as were the early ones when, after her long stay in America, the misery of life in a non-Christian country came to her with almost as much vividness as if she had never seen it before. The most helpless and hopeless people always make the strongest appeal to her. One day some beggars came to her dispensary door, with a little blind girl about eight years old, whom they were taking about with them in order to rouse people's sympathy and induce them to give. "When I saw this little child," Dr. Li wrote to a friend, "and saw that her eyes were beyond help, I

made up my mind to buy her. At first they were not willing to sell her, but finally they were willing." At the time of the annual conference Dr. Li took the little girl with her to Foochow, and put her in the mission school for blind children, hoping that there she would forget the wretchedness of the bitterly hard life she had been leading.

In 1912 Dr. Li was appointed an official representative of the Foochow Conference to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which was held in Minneapolis. It was the first time a Chinese woman had ever crossed the ocean as a delegate to the General Conference, and Dr. Li's father, who was the delegate from the Hinghwa Conference, was immensely proud of the splendid impression his daughter made. The two spoke at the same session of the Conference, the daughter pleading especially for the women of her country. " I do want to leave a message with you all this morning," she said, " I think you know that the womanhood of China has been very low for several thousand years, and therefore, now that the new republic is going to be formed, we want to have the womanhood of China lifted up as high as the womanhood of your nation. I think that no nation can help the women of China as the United States through the work of missionaries in China; so now I want to ask you that, when you go home, you talk to the women in your churches and ask them to send more missionaries to China to help us lift the womanhood of China so that before long the two great republics will unite

together in this work and be a power for Jesus Christ to elevate the womanhood of the world."

During this second stay in America Dr. Li told the story of her people and their need to a great many audiences, and then went back to help to meet that need with renewed strength and energy. Her life-work for these people has only begun, but surely it is a splendid beginning. She has treated thousands of patients during every year of her work, and has been successful in dealing with the most difficult cases. Nor has she ever lost her courage and enthusiasm, though there have been difficulties in the work at Ngu Cheng which many medical missionaries in other stations have not had to meet.

When Dr. Li went there the people had been almost untouched by foreign influences of any sort, and were suspicious of all things foreign. This difficulty she is rapidly overcoming, for her loving desire to help them and her skill in doing so have won their confidence. Their poverty, while making their need all the greater, has added to the difficulties of the work; for disease is hard to conquer when it has to be combated in houses the squalor and unhygienic conditions of which beggar description. Moreover, the patients cannot afford to buy the nourishing food needed to build up strength. Yet Dr. Li has relieved and cured hosts of sufferers yearly and her well-cared-for hospital is a constant object-lesson.

Those whose whole energy is spent in a struggle just to live have no time for education, and little interest in

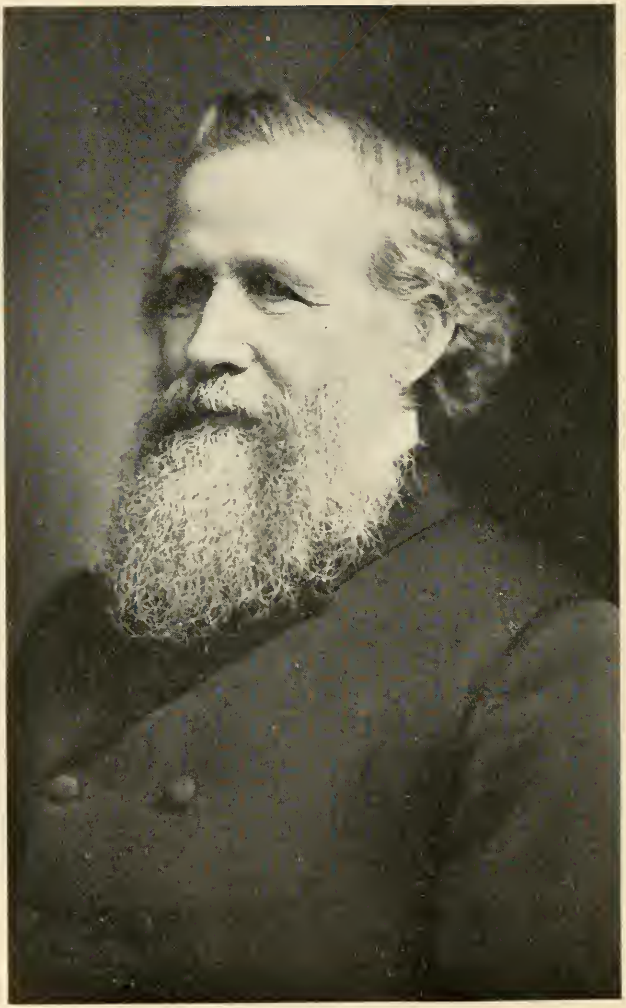
anything outside of their own immediate needs. With all the devotion with which she is pouring out her life for them, the young physician can hardly find real companionship among the people of Ngu Cheng, and must have been hungry many times for the opportunities of social intercourse which workers in more central places enjoy. "It is hard to get any one to come to help us in this country place. Our girls love pleasures when they have any education at all. They do not like to come here where they do not see anything new. In Foochow there are lectures on reforms and other things of interest that they can go to hear. Here we have never heard a lecture these four years." But she has never turned back for discouragement or loneliness. "Nevertheless these people must be saved too," she says.

Her eight years in America may well have taught her to appreciate the advantages which life in a large city affords, even more keenly than do the girls who have had a less broad outlook. Yet she is cheerfully and whole-heartedly giving her life, and all the powers which her opportunities for study and travel have given her, to the needy people in and about Ngu Cheng, counting it a joy and blessed opportunity thus to follow in the footsteps of him who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.

A PACIFIC PIONEER

When men are regenerated of the spirit, . . . live in families under divine ordinance, there is salvation for the man, the family, the tribe, the race.

—*Thomas Crosby.*



THOMAS CROSBY

A PACIFIC PIONEER

When the Hudson Bay Company's little steamer *Otter* left the port of Bella Bella on a certain journey up the north coast of the Pacific, some forty years and more ago, a stout little Indian canoe was bobbing dizzily up and down in its wake. Nobody seemed to know why the empty canoe was being towed by the *Otter,* and even the questions of one of the only two cabin passengers which the little steamer boasted succeeded merely in getting the twinkling-eyed old captain to remark, "You take care of your good wife and you will find out soon enough what the canoe is for." When Chatham Sound was reached the curious one did find out; for the *Otter* slowed down, the canoe was drawn up alongside, and he and his young wife, with an old Indian woman who was to act as steersman, were lowered into it, and told that steady paddling would soon cover the eight or ten miles of water between them and Fort Simpson.[1] Thus, amid the cheers and good wishes of captain and crew and the kindly miners who had been their fellow travelers on the *Otter,* Thomas Crosby and his bride paddled into the big Indian village of Fort Simpson, where they were to start a Christian mission.

When, less than a week later, the *Otter* passed Fort

[1] On the British Columbia coast.

Simpson again on its journey back to Victoria, the captain was given an order for the lumber needed for a church building for the new mission. The first thing Thomas Crosby had done was to call a meeting of all the Indians in the house of Chief Scow-Gate. There, speaking through an interpreter, he had told them that he and his wife had come to live among them, to preach the gospel, and to teach them, and that the first thing needed was a church building in which they could all come together. What could they give toward the new church, he asked? The minute he finished speaking his audience arose almost in a body and departed in haste.

This unexpected result of his first speech to his people was not a little disconcerting to the young missionary, but his interpreter assured him that he thought they would soon come back, and presently they did, laden with Hudson Bay trading blankets, furs, muskets—anything which could be turned into money for the new church. With some help from the little company of white people who lived at Fort Simpson the subscriptions amounted to a thousand dollars. But money was not all the Indians of Fort Simpson gave for their new church. While they waited for the schooner which was bringing the logs, they were busy clearing the ground, and going into the woods to get timber. There was no wharf at Fort Simpson, and when at last the logs came, it was no small task to get them to land, for they had to be thrown overboard, rafted alongside the ship, and

towed ashore. Then, when they were at last on land, there were no horses or oxen to drag them up the hill, but each heavy, water-soaked log had to be carried on men's shoulders. It was the Indians too, who, under the missionaries' direction, hewed the logs and whipsawed them and turned them into shingles. Small wonder that they loved the little church with its upward-pointing spire, and that they turned literally by the hundreds, men, women, and little children, to the God for whose worship they had erected it. And, when Sundays found them far away from their little church home, they did not forget its services. Two or three times a Sunday, when they were off in fishing or logging camps, they would gather together for service, using some of the Bible texts which they had memorized, and as much of the sermons connected with them as they could remember. One little group of shipwrecked Indians, clinging to a precarious raft of the thwarts and withes of a broken canoe, held three services on Sunday even as they were making desperate efforts, with one paddle and a broken oar, to get to land. "The eyes of the Lord are in every place," was one of the texts in which the little shipwrecked band found comfort and courage.

The church and the mission house which the Indians had helped to build led, as Mr. Crosby had hoped they would, to a realization of the squalor and discomfort of the old one-roomed, mud-floored, windowless lodges, in which four and five Indian families were herded together. Many of the Christian Indians

at once began to save all that they could spare from their scanty earnings in order to build little separate houses of three or four rooms each. The missionary helped them to measure plots of land and to draw up plans for their new homes, and then taught them how to build them from the first foundation-stone to the last shingle on the roof. As the neat little houses went up one after another the irregular ill-kept trails which were Fort Simpson's only thoroughfares began to seem as unsatisfactory as the old lodges, and here again Thomas Crosby came to the rescue. He showed the Indians how to lay out and build good roads; and under his direction, too, they put up the bridges which had long been needed. In an almost unbelievably short time after the little canoe had landed Thomas Crosby and his wife in Fort Simpson it was transformed from an unsightly and uncleanly village into a neat and orderly little town of attractive homes. Crosby enlisted some of the surplus energy of the young men in a fire company, which became expert in bucket and hook-and-ladder drills and rendered valiant service whenever fire threatened any of the new buildings. Fort Simpson soon boasted a brass band also, which added much to all public affairs, and a rifle company, whose drills and parades were the pride of the town. Perhaps the thing which delighted Fort Simpson most, however, was the fact that it was the first town on the northern Pacific coast to publish a newspaper. Thomas Crosby taught his Indians how to print, and the *Simpson Herald*

appeared even before Sheldon Jackson's *North Star*.

Crosby was very eager to foster the interest of the Indians in all their accomplishments both old and new, and within a year after his arrival at Fort Simpson he instituted an industrial fair. Only a month was given for preparation, but beadwork, carvings, drawings, paintings, needlework, and foodstuffs of various kinds came pouring in from all directions, and sixty prizes were awarded. Among the most interesting exhibits of this first of several industrial fairs were some little carved models of a steamboat, a European house, and an old-style Indian house. One of the features of the industrial fair in which the people took special pride was a class of small Indians who spelled word after word without making a single mistake, and rattled off the multiplication tables with breath-taking rapidity.

Fort Simpson was a village of about a thousand people, and inevitably there were a thousand little difficulties arising constantly, but there was no justice of the peace nor any central council before which disputes could be brought for settlement. With characteristic faith and courage Thomas Crosby called together the chiefs of the village and proposed that a municipal council should be organized, its duties being to make and enforce the laws of the little community. The idea appealed to the Indians at once, and a council of twenty was elected. Thomas Crosby had exhorted them to choose the strongest and most influential men of the village to membership in this

council, although he knew that on that basis several of the leading gamblers, the worst conjurers, and the fierce "dog-eaters" would be given seats in the little law-making body. It was a motley company of men that came together to make Fort Simpson's first laws. The meeting was opened with prayer, as all subsequent meetings were; and then on the motion of a former conjurer a law was enacted forbidding gambling within the precincts of Fort Simpson. Next, a leading gambler proposed a law forbidding all conjuring. Other laws were passed in swift succession, one forbidding whisky-drinking, one providing against the breaking of the Sabbath, and others directed against fighting, heathen marriages, and other evils. All these revolutionary laws were inscribed in a big book, and the punishments or fines to be inflicted on those who violated them were set down after each.

The council proved to be quite as efficient at enforcing the laws as at making them. It appointed watchmen to see that its mandates were obeyed, inflicted summary punishment on any who broke them, and in a very short time no more peaceful or law-abiding community than Fort Simpson could be found. A flag was hoisted every Sunday to remind both villagers and strangers that it was a day of rest and worship, when no canoes might either come in or go out unless in case of sickness or other danger. The Indians of Fort Simpson could never be persuaded to do anything which was contrary to their convictions regarding what was right on Sunday,

even when they were at the mines or salmon canneries far away from the laws of their village and under severe pressure to do Sunday work. A company of white men from the Cassiar mines once brought this report to Fort Simpson.

"A number of your Indian boys last spring showed us that men can do more work in six days than they can in seven. When we were leaving Fort Wrangel we engaged a party of your Christian Indians to take us to the mines; another crowd of miners who were going engaged a crew of heathen Indians. They started out before we did. We soon passed them; and, when it came to Saturday afternoon our crew looked out about four o'clock for a good camping-place. Some of our white men urged them to go on. They said, 'No, we are going to camp here for the Sabbath!' When they saw good camping-ground, they got ashore, chopped wood, and prepared for the Sabbath morning. Early they had a prayer-meeting; at eleven o'clock they had preaching; each man had his Bible with him, and they had a Bible class afterward. They had service in the evening also. During the day, about noon, the other party came along, tugging and working all day, and they hissed and cursed at us as they passed, calling us Sabbatarians. Our boys retired early for rest and were up bright and early the next morning. The fire was soon going, we had breakfast and off we started; and how all those boys did work! It was not long before we passed the fellows who had worked all day

on Sunday, and we were in the mines a day ahead of them, clearly proving to us that men who regard the Sabbath can do more work in six days than others can in seven."

The fame of quiet, orderly, well-governed Fort Simpson spread all along the coast, and other Indians who came there to trade had unbounded faith in the big missionary whose suggestions and council had wrought such changes. One spring a company of the Cape Fox Indians, who had come to bring their fur pelts to the Hudson Bay Company's stores at the Fort, arrived in town at the same time as a company of Hyda Indians of Queen Charlotte Islands, who had brought some new canoes to sell. Now the Hydas had long been the vikings of the northern Pacific coast and the terror of all the other tribes. No one knew when a party of them might swoop down in the enormous canoes which they alone knew how to make, rob a village, seize many of the inhabitants as slaves, and be off again with lightning-like swiftness into waters where ordinary canoes could not follow. The Cape Fox Indians had suffered much at their hands, and when their old chief Kah-shakes found that some of them were at Fort Simpson he came to Mr. Crosby with a much troubled face.

"Han-kow, Han-kow (Chief, Chief,") he began, "I would like to speak to you, sir. You are the great chief who has brought peace all along this coast; and I wish you, the great peace chief, would help us. You,

sir, have seen these Hydas come here. There are some in town now and there is a great han-kow in the village from Queen Charlotte Islands. Nin-jing-wash is his name. I always feel when I see him that I should like to kill him. I feel angry at him; and so I came to tell you, sir, that I hope you will make peace between us. It has been a long trouble. If you will call him up to your house I will speak to him and tell him my heart; I can't speak to him on the street. I want to speak to him in your presence, sir. Call him quickly, Han-kow!"

Nin-jing-wash was sent for, and old Kah-shakes told him that he did not wish to be angry, that the missionaries had brought the light so near them that they ought to be at peace. But, he said, there had been trouble between his people and the Hydas for many years, and the Hydas had taken at least one of the Cape Fox people, a very great chief, for whom no atonement had ever been made. Would Nin-jing-wash agree to have this matter presented to the missionary and a council of Christian men, that a right and just decision might be reached? Nin-jing-wash answered that he was the only Hyda chief then at Fort Simpson, but that he would go home and bring other chiefs and come back in six weeks; let Kah-shakes do the same. Kah-shakes agreed to this, and both Indians "put their marks" to an agreement that the decision of the Christian council should be final.

Six weeks later nine Hyda chiefs, Kah-shakes and several of his people, and Thomas Crosby and six

Christian Indians met together in solemn council. The meeting was opened with prayer, and then, after a brief word of explanation and introduction by Mr. Crosby, Nin-jing-wash rose to his feet and declared that all the trouble had been started by the Cape Fox people many years ago. Then old Kah-shakes got up and said: "I have not a bad heart or I should not have come to this God's servant to make peace. If I had not a good heart, I should have thought over the bad and have gone away and done something bad another time."

The council was now well started, and for two days one chief after another told tales of bloody conflict and butchery of men, women, and helpless children, until sometimes feeling rose to such a pitch that it seemed as if another battle would be fought there in the mission house. "I did not rest much those two nights," Thomas Crosby says, "and sometimes when the chiefs told their heartrending stories of terrible conflicts and how their people were savagely slain, I would rise to say a word to quell their rage or sit and lift my heart to God for help. Much prayer was made among our fellow Christians of the village during those days, and it was a real comfort to see how much they were interested in making peace between these once great nations of proud people."

Finally the council decreed that the Hydas should pay the Foxes fifty blankets, but Thomas Crosby urged them to obey not only the old Indian custom of payment, but the Christian law of free forgiveness.

Then Nin-jing-wash, on behalf of the Hydas rose to his feet and said, " My chiefs and I are willing to do what the good missionary chief says." Next rose old Kah-shakes, and with the words, " Do you think my heart can be bought with a few blankets ? " took off a fine new overcoat and handed it to Nin-jing-wash. Then he took his old enemy by the hand, put his other arm about him, turned him around three times, and kissed him. He then went to each of the other Hyda chiefs in turn, and embraced him. Every chief then shook hands with each of the chiefs of the other tribe, each man put his mark to a paper stating the terms of peace, and after a prayer-meeting of thanksgiving the council was closed.

Thomas Crosby's heart was always going out to the many tribes of Indians along the coast to whom no missionary had gone, and again and again he would take a little company of Christian Indians with him and start out on a canoe trip lasting several days or even weeks. Story after story of these trips shows how fraught with discomfort and danger they were. Here is just one of them.

" With a party of ten I started away in February, 1876. As the weather seemed mild and favorable, we expected to reach Naas the same night or next day, but that night the weather cleared up and became frosty, with a very strong north wind. Next day we struggled against the storm up Portland Channel until it got so bad we had to camp. In the night it was very cold in our camp on the beach. Next

day the wind blew terribly and the cold increased so that we had to move camp up into the woods and cut down trees to make a booth or brushhouse to shelter us from the wintry blast. Here we remained for several days until our food was all gone; and so, in the midst of the gale, the wind making waterspouts of the waves on the Inlet, we started back home, assured that we couldn't get up the Naas, as the river would be freezing over. On our return trip near a headland known as Ten Mile Point, in a most miraculous way we were saved when our mast broke away at the foot and came near capsizing the canoe. Had we been upset here we must all have been lost, for the rocks rose perpendicularly from the water's edge, and there was no way to get ashore. We recovered the sail, got it fixed, and on we went, the waves dashing over us and the spray every time forming ice on our covering and clothes.

" Within ten miles of home we met Chief Seck-sake from Fort Simpson with twenty-one young men in a large canoe, plunging away bravely through the waves in the face of that terrible gale to take food to the missionary and his party. They had become convinced at home, the night before, that it was impossible for us to reach Naas, so they had gone through the village collecting food. They had got a hundred dried salmon, fish grease, and other things, and were bent on pressing their way even to Naas through such a gale."

When after a hard trip up the coast Crosby and

his little band of fellow workers succeeded in reaching their destination, they were not always sure of a warm welcome. At one time, when they finally succeeded in reaching the town of Naas, they found all the people gathered together in one of the lodges. "Men were dancing all over the floor," the missionary writes, "the old conjurer's drum was going, and hundreds more were beating sticks on boards to keep time. They were covered with paint and feathers, a grotesque sight. They never danced promiscuously. When the men would sit or fall down, exhausted, the women would sally forth and dance, they in turn falling near the fire or even on it. The people would throw water on them to bring them to." A more unpromising setting for the preaching of the gospel could scarcely be imagined, but Thomas Crosby was not the man to be turned aside by difficulties. "I said, 'Stop!' in a very decided voice," says he, "'I want to preach to you.' I walked up and down in the house giving them the law as well as the gospel." It was only a very few weeks after that that the people of Naas sent an embassy to Fort Simpson, saying that a thousand people wanted a missionary. Could he not be sent *soon?*

Many and many a time, however, the missionary's welcome was pathetically eager and heartfelt. One evening in a village far up the Skeena river the meeting was typical of many another service held in some remote little town to which the mission canoe had found its way. "I slipped my pack off my back and,

Bible in hand, commenced to tell them of the wonderful love of God in the gift of his Son to save a lost world," writes the missionary. "They crowded in and crouched on the floor. We had no other light than the dying embers of the fire, which was there more to smoke the salmon which hung over it than to give light. As I spoke on, all I could see was a mass of faces filled with wonder and amazement. I continued talking for a long time, as they seemed intensely interested; but being very tired was about to stop, when a number with tears in their eyes said, 'Oh, go on, do tell us more; we never heard such a wonderful story; tell us more!' Some time after this we closed the service, glad that we had come so far to tell them of a Savior's love."

If these long and dangerous trips meant danger to the missionary they meant no less of sacrifice to the missionary's wife who stayed behind at Fort Simpson, keenly aware of the dangers her husband might be facing, but with little time for worry, since all the services at Fort Simpson were often left in her hands during his absence, in addition to her teaching and the care of several active little Crosbys. Some of the darkest hours of her life she passed through alone, unable to reach her husband or send him any word. At one time after he had been away for less than three weeks he was met, when about one hundred and fifty miles from home, by a canoe flying a little black flag. "What kind of a flag is that?" the missionary asked. "Oh, it is for you, sir," they

told him pityingly. "Two of your children are dead and buried." It did not seem possible! Less than three weeks before the children had been perfectly well. But there was no mistake. When Thomas Crosby reached his home he found that the tiny baby and little three-year-old Winifred were gone, and the third little girl and her mother lay desperately ill with diphtheria. There was no doctor in Fort Simpson, and the two babies had gone in three days. The older child finally recovered, but the mother lay at death's door for months, and not for a year and a half were they sure that they could keep her. The lack of a physician was one of the severest trials these pioneer missionaries had to bear, for not until long after other forms of missionary work were well under way was medical work attempted. Urgent petitions were sent to the board, however, both missionaries and Indians promising to contribute to the support of medical work, and now there are missionary physicians all along the coast.

When, because of advancing years and ill health, Thomas Crosby reluctantly left his work among the Indians, after almost fifty years spent in their service, a friend wrote: "Beginning when paganism was rampant and when but little had been done for the heathen Indian, he has seen the work advance and darkness recede before the dawning light, until to-day churches and schools under Christian control are found in almost every Indian village and white settlement on the coast."

A BISHOP OF THE NIGER

I am their servant in the field.

—*Samuel Adjai Crowther.*



SAMUEL ADJAI CROWTHER

A BISHOP OF THE NIGER

One sunny morning many years ago, when the people in the little town of Oshogún, in West Africa, were quietly preparing their breakfasts, sudden word came that the Eyó Mohammedans were preparing to attack the town, capture the inhabitants, and sell them as slaves. Before the startled people had time to defend themselves their enemies were upon them. A few minutes later the women, with their little black children, were fleeing to the jungles, while the men made a last desperate effort to drive back the Mohammedans. Among those who tried to find a hiding-place in the shrubs and grasses of the jungle was Adjai, a boy about fourteen years old. But he and his mother and two sisters, one of them a tiny baby only a few weeks old, had not gone far before they were caught by the rope nooses of their enemies and led away with other captives to the town of Iseh'i, which lay at a distance of some miles.

When they arrived here, Adjai and the older little sister were separated from their mother and from each other. The mother and baby were given to the chief of the town of Dahdah, and the two older children were assigned to different people in the town of Iseh'i. After about two months Adjai was taken by

his master to Dahdah, and there was allowed to see his mother and the baby often, but the older sister he did not see again.

One evening, after he had been in Dahdah for about three months, he and several other captives were seized and chained and started on their way to a market-town. After traveling for several days they reached this town, and Adjai was sold to a Mohammedan woman who took him to another part of the country where a language was spoken which he could not understand. He became so unhappy that he tried several times to strangle himself, but he never got quite enough courage to pull the rope so tight as to hurt himself seriously. He became so sick and miserable however that his mistress sold him, and one morning he set out with his new owner for a region still more distant from his home. He says that they always started on their travels before dawn, while it was still dark, in order that the slaves might not see where they were going and find their way back again. His new owner traded him before long for rum and tobacco; the next owner soon sold him to another, and for several months he was passed from hand to hand until he reached a trading town on the coast, where he was sold to some Portuguese slave-traders.

By this time, though he was still a boy, he had become, he says, "a veteran in slavery," and was so hopeless and dejected that nothing made much impression on him. But these strange white men, the first he had seen, did frighten him, and the sight of

so much water was also terrifying, for he had never before seen the sea or even a large river. His Portuguese owners put an iron fetter on the neck of each of their slaves, thrust a long heavy chain through each of these fetters and fastened the chains at both ends with a heavy padlock. Men and boys were chained together, and thrust into a room with no windows and only one door which was kept locked. The men, being stronger than the boys, would draw the chain in such a way as to ease themselves of its weight, with the result that the fetters were pressed against the necks of the boys so heavily that they were almost suffocated, and their necks were a mass of bruises. But at last their owner had secured enough slaves to satisfy him, and one hundred and eighty-seven of them were loaded into the hold of a Portuguese steamer. At first Adjai was utterly miserable from fright and seasickness, but his troubles were almost over, for the very day on which the ship set sail it was captured by two British men-of-war. These new white men with their long swords were very alarming sights to the wondering little black boys. They soon learned, however, that they had at last fallen into the hands of friends, and when they understood that they were not to be kept in the hold, but allowed the freedom of the boat, and that they might have all the food they wished, they became very much at home and very happy. For two months and a half Adjai lived on H.M.S. *Myrmidon,* while Captain Leeke looked for other slave-

ships, and at the end of that time was taken to Sierra Leone, where he was put in the care of some English missionaries.

Here he was taught to read and write, and learned the trade of a carpenter. Here too he became a Christian and was baptized on December 11, 1825, receiving the name, Samuel Adjai Crowther. He was the first student to be enrolled in the Fourah Bay College, which was established by the Church Missionary Society of England for the purpose of training young Africans to be missionaries to their own people. The principal of the college describes this first pupil as "a lad of uncommon ability, steady conduct, a thirst for knowledge, and indefatigable industry." After his graduation he was invited to return to the college as a tutor, and while he was filling this position went on studying during his leisure hours, and also worked as an assistant to one of the missionaries. While he was in college he was married to a young woman who was teaching the little black folks at Sierra Leone. She too had been captured by the slave-traders of West Africa and rescued by a British war-ship, and she and Adjai had been good friends ever since he had been brought to Sierra Leone. They both came from the same section of Africa and spoke the same dialect, and their marriage was a very happy one.

In 1841, the British government sent an expedition up the Niger river in the hope of persuading the native chiefs to promise that the slave-trade would be abolished and that commercial relations with Great

Britain would be established. When the officers of the Church Missionary Society learned of this enterprise, they asked that two of their representatives might go up the river with the members of the expedition in order to find out whether it would be possible to establish a mission station in that region. This request was granted, and the young tutor of Fourah Bay College was given the honor of going on that famous expedition. Only a handful of those who began the trip were left when the ships reached the mouth of the Niger on their way back. Jungle fever had ended the life of one after another, and it had been impossible for the expedition to accomplish all that had been hoped. But it had firmly established one fact in the minds of the Church Missionary Society leaders. They must emphasize the training of African missionaries to their own people, for they had seen that there were parts of Africa in which white men could not live and keep their health.

Samuel Crowther's missionary friends and his companions on the expedition up the Niger wrote enthusiastic letters to England about him, telling of his ability, his modesty, and his earnestness, and suggesting that he be summoned to England to be ordained as a clergyman of full rank in the Church of England. The Church Missionary Society felt sure that this suggestion was a wise one, and in September, 1842, the young man landed in the country whose seamen had years ago rescued him from the slave-ship. During the journey to England he had used his leisure time to

prepare a grammar and dictionary of the Yoruba language.

He had been a diligent student of Latin and Greek while he was teaching at Fourah Bay College, and the committee who examined him found that a very few months of study would prepare him for ordination. He had this study at Islington Church College, and took his examination under Dr. Schofield, Professor of Greek at Cambridge. Dr. Schofield was among those who held the theory that the mind of a Negro is incapable of logical reasoning, but after examining Samuel Crowther he said to the principal of the college:

"I should like, with your permission, to take young Crowther's answers to those Paley questions back with me to Cambridge and there read a few of them to certain of my friends. If after hearing the young African's answers, they still contend that he does not possess a logical faculty, they will tempt us to question whether they do not lack certain other faculties of at least equal importance, such as common fairness of judgment and Christian candor."

After his ordination Mr. Crowther returned at once to Africa, eager to begin the work of a Christian missionary to his people. He spent the days on the ocean in beginning a translation of the Bible into the Yoruba language. The native Christians were eagerly awaiting him, for they felt that a new day was dawning for Africa in the coming to them of this first ordained Christian minister of their own race. They referred

to him lovingly as "our black minister," and crowded to hear him whenever he preached.

Upon reaching Africa he stayed for a time in Freetown, but was soon ready to go with a little company of English missionaries to establish a Christian mission station at Abeokuta, where a group of West Africans who had been captured as slaves but had succeeded in escaping had formed a prosperous colony. After a most difficult journey, lasting several weeks, Abeokuta was reached, and the missionary party was cordially welcomed by Sagbua, the chief of the colony. The town crier was sent out to summon a public meeting, and when all the people were gathered together, Mr. Crowther addressed them in their own language, telling them why the missionaries had come, and what they hoped to do. His audience responded most enthusiastically and every one present promised a generous gift for the church building. Work on the new structure was begun almost at once, and the missionaries had so many offers of help that they could not possibly use all the eager applicants. But those who could not have part in the actual work stood by and cheered on the workers with their admiring comments.

The work at Abeokuta grew rapidly, and both Mr. Crowther and his wife gave their whole time and energy to it for some years. Not long after they came there, Mr. Crowther learned that the mother from whom he had been separated nearly twenty-five years before, was living with a sister in a near-by town. He sent for them at once, and although his

sister could not believe that this message was really from her brother, the mother, with an older son, Mr. Crowther's half-brother, immediately set out for Abeokuta.

"She could not believe her own eyes," Mr. Crowther wrote in his diary. "We grasped one another, looking at one another in silence and great astonishment, while the big tears rolled down her emaciated cheeks. She trembled as she held me by the hand and called me by the familiar names which I well remember I used to be called by my grandmother, who has since died in slavery. We could not say much, but sat still, casting many an affectionate look toward each other, a look which violence and oppression had long checked, an affection which twenty-five years had not extinguished."

His mother was Mr. Crowther's first Christian convert at Abeokuta, and was baptized by him. She came to live with him, although he told her that his work would often cause him to be away from home for long periods of time. But she said:

"You are no longer my son, but the servant of God, whose work you must attend to without any anxiety for me. It is enough that I am permitted to see you once more in this world!"

Even when she was very ill and knew that she could not recover, she would not permit any word of her illness to be sent to her son, lest he be made anxious and his work suffer.

After working in Abeokuta for five years Mr. Crow-

ther made another short visit to England. He had an interview with Lord Palmerston, the Foreign Secretary, in which he explained the political situation in West Africa, and laid especial emphasis on the damage being done to commerce and civilization by the king of Dahomey, a native chief who was an unscrupulous slave-trader and had caused the peaceful people of Abeokuta much trouble. Lord Palmerston thanked him in a letter for "the important and interesting information" he had given, and a few days later Mr. Crowther was asked to go to Windsor Castle to tell the Prince Consort what he had told the Foreign Secretary. Mr. Crowther's children used to listen with breathless interest to their father's story of his experience that afternoon.

"On our arrival there, Prince Albert was not in," he used to tell them. "While we were waiting in a drawing-room I could not help looking round at the magnificence of the room glittering with gold, the carpet, chairs, and other furniture, all brilliant. While in this state of mind the door was opened and I saw a lady gorgeously dressed, with a long train, step gracefully in. I thought she was the Queen. I rose at once and was ready to kneel and pay my obeisance, but she simply bowed to us, said not a word, took something from the mantelpiece and retired. After she left Lord Russell told me that she was one of the ladies-in-waiting.

"'Well!' I said to myself, 'if a lady-in-waiting is so superbly dressed, what will be the dress of the Queen

herself?' Soon we were invited to an upper drawing-room more richly furnished than the first. Here we met Prince Albert standing by a writing-table. Lord Russell made obeisance and introduced me, and I made obeisance. A few words of introductory remarks led to conversation about West Africa, and Abeokuta in particular. . . . About this time a lady came in, simply dressed, and the Prince, looking behind him, introduced her to Lord Russell, but in so quick a way that I could not catch the sound. This lady and the Prince turned towards the map to find Abeokuta and Sierra Leone, where the slaves are liberated. . . . On inquiry I gave them the history of how I was caught and sold, to which all of them listened with breathless attention. It was getting dark, a lamp was gotten and the Prince was anxious to find and define the relative position of the different places on the map, especially Lagos, which was the principal seaport from which Yoruba slaves were shipped; and when the Prince wanted to open the Blue Book map wider, it blew the lamp out altogether, and there was a burst of laughter from the Prince, the lady, and Lord Russell. The Prince then said,

"'Will your Majesty kindly bring us a candle from the mantelpiece?' On hearing this I became aware of the person before whom I was all the time. I trembled from head to foot, and could not open my mouth to answer the questions that followed. Lord Russell and the Prince told me not to be frightened, and the smiles on the face of the good Queen assured me

that she was not angry at the liberty I took in speaking so freely before her, and so my fears subsided. . . . Lord Russell then mentioned my translations into the Yoruba language, and I repeated the Lord's Prayer in the Yoruba, which the Queen said was a soft and melodious language. . . . After these questions she withdrew, with a marked farewell gesture."

Before leaving England Mr. Crowther spoke to a large audience of students of Cambridge University, appealing to them to help Africa. "St. Paul saw in a vision a man of Macedonia," he reminded them, "who prayed him to come over to his assistance. But it is no vision that you see now—it is a real man of Africa that stands before you, and on behalf of his countrymen invites you to come over into Africa and help us."

On his return to Africa Mr. Crowther resumed his work at Abeokuta, and within the next two or three years made good progress in his translation of the New Testament. In 1853, the British government planned for another exploring expedition up the river Niger, similar to that on which Crowther had gone in 1841. He was asked to go with this second expedition also, and gladly accepted the invitation, for he felt that the time might now be ripe for the establishment of mission stations in this region. This expedition was much more successful, in every way, than the first one had been, and Dr. Baikie, the head of the party, told Mr. Crowther at its close:

"I cannot allow you to depart without expressing to you in the warmest manner the pleasure I derived from

your company, and acknowledging the information I have reaped from you. . . . It is nothing more than a simple fact that no slight portion of the success we met with in our intercourse with the tribes is due to you."

In June, 1857, Dr. Baikie and Mr. Crowther started up the Niger again, accompanied by a group of young traders and a company of native missionary workers. Wherever Dr. Baikie established a trading-post, leaving a trader in charge of it, Mr. Crowther established a mission station, leaving one or more of the native missionaries at each place. They were cordially received everywhere, and after two years and a half of work, several very successful mission stations had been established, all of them in the entire charge of native missionaries. The Church Missionary Society was greatly pleased at the success of this work on the Niger, but they felt that if it was to be permanent, some experienced worker must be appointed as bishop, to oversee the work of the young African missionaries in the newly opened stations. Only a week after his return from the Niger Mr. Crowther received a letter from the Missionary Society, summoning him to England immediately to attend a meeting of the General Committee. He was a little puzzled to know why his presence in England was so urgently demanded, but started at once, arriving just in time for the Committee Meeting. He was then told that he had been summoned to England because the Church wished to bestow upon him one of the highest honors which it could

confer, namely, the office of bishop. They told him that he was to be Bishop of the Niger, with full charge of all the work on the Niger river.

At first all that the astonished man could say was.

"I am not worthy!" but later he insisted that one of the English missionaries should be made bishop.

"Why should they be left and I be asked to take up such an office?" he protested. "No, I am their servant in the field; I cannot accept it."

"But we saw them all," Mr. Venn, the secretary of the Society, told him. "We knew and appreciated their work before asking you to take this office."

But Mr. Crowther was immovable in his refusal to accept this honor, and finally Mr. Venn sent him away to spend two days in the country with an old friend who had been a missionary in Africa, and who used every argument he could think of to persuade his guest to yield to the wishes of the Society. But when Mr. Crowther returned to London he was still convinced that he was not the man to be bishop. Mr. Venn, however, would not be refused. Taking both the younger man's hands in his, and looking straight into his eyes, he said:

"Samuel Adjai, my son, will you deny me my last wish asked of you before I die?" This appeal did what all the arguments had failed to do, and looking up with tears in his eyes, Mr. Crowther answered:

"It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth to him good."

The old cathedral at Canterbury has seldom been so

crowded as on the day when the "Black Minister" was consecrated as bishop. Special trains were run from London, and long before the service took place thousands were thronging the building. Up in the very front was a quiet, elderly woman who told the church-warden that she had a right to a good seat "because the Black Minister to be consecrated bishop this morning was taught the alphabet by me." She was Mrs. Weeks, one of the missionaries at Sierra Leone, who had welcomed the little slave boy whom Captain Leeke had brought to them. And Captain Leeke himself was there, in his naval uniform, eager to see the conferring of this great honor on the boy whom he had taken from the hold of the slave-ship so many years before. The entire country was interested in what took place in Canterbury Cathedral that day, and even the newspapers entreated the prayers of their readers for Mr. Crowther and his diocese.

The bishop seems never to have lost that spirit of humility which had made him so reluctant to accept this high office. His son, who for several years acted as his private secretary, says in a letter:

"When he was written to as 'My Lord,' my father used to tell me, in reply, to put a postscript thus: 'Please address me as Right Reverend Bishop and never as My Lord.'"

The new bishop sailed for Africa immediately after his consecration, where he was greeted with the heartiest and most enthusiastic congratulations of a host of friends. He started on a trip up the Niger almost at

once, revisiting the mission stations already established and founding new ones. This was the beginning of twenty-seven years of steady, untiring discharge of the responsibilities of the bishop of West Africa. For more than a quarter of a century after his consecration Bishop Crowther went to and fro among his people, strengthening and developing work already begun, building up the churches, starting schools, preparing dictionaries and grammars of the different dialects, making translations of the Bible, training and ordaining new Christian workers, and lending a hand wherever there was need. He was quite as skilful at teaching his people how to make sun-dried bricks for a church building as at preparing translations of the Scriptures for them.

The bishop's heart was often wrung at the persecutions to which the Christians were subjected, but at the same time he thrilled with pride in their devotion and loyalty. The Christian slaves of pagan masters suffered most cruelly, for they had no means of protection. Beatings, imprisonment, starvation, torture, even death itself, did not stamp out the little Christian communities. One poor black slave, in the midst of persecution, received word from his master that he would not only receive pardon but also gifts and promotion, if he would give up his Christianity, but that if he remained a Christian he would be terribly tortured. He sent back word:

"Tell the master I thank him for his kindness. He himself knows that I never refused to perform

duties required of me at home. But as regards turning back to heathen worship, *that* is out of my power, for Jesus has taken charge of my heart and padlocked it. The key is with him."

Perhaps the greatest hindrances to Christian work, however, did not come from the Africans, but from white men who came to the country to make money, and cared nothing at all for the black men with whom they did business. Because they could make money by selling liquor to these ignorant, childlike people, they sold it without regard to the terrible physical and moral injury caused. One tribal king, the Emir of Nupe, who was not a Christian, but knew Bishop Crowther, wrote an appealing letter to one of the native pastors, imploring the bishop's help in protecting his people from liquor:

"Salute Crowther, the great Christian minister. After salutation please tell him he is a father to us in this land. Anything he sees will injure us in all this land he would not like. . . . The matter about which I am speaking with my mouth, write it; it is as if it is done by my hand; it is not a long matter, it is about *barasa* (rum), barasa, barasa, barasa,—it has ruined my country, it has ruined my own people very much, it has made our people become mad! I have given a law that no one dares buy or sell it, and any one who is found selling it, his house is to be eaten up (plundered); any one found drunk will be killed. I have told all the Christian traders that I agree to everything for trade except barasa. I have told Mr. Mc-

Intosh's people to-day the barasa remaining with them to-day must be returned down the river. Tell Crowther, the great Christian minister, that he is our father. I beg you don't forget the writing because we will all beg that he should beg the great priests (the Missionary Society), that they should beg the English Queen to prevent bringing barasa to this land. For God and the prophet's sake he must help us in this matter—that of barasa. We all have confidence in him; we must not have our country to become spoiled by barasa. Tell him may God bless him and his work! This is the mouth word from Maliki, the Emir of Nupe."

He was ever anxious to press on into unoccupied fields to establish mission stations among new groups of people, and often this work took him into unknown and unexplored regions. During one of his visits to England the Royal Geographical Society paid him the high honor of asking him to read them a paper about the river Niger. An enthusiastic vote of thanks was given him by the Society, and its members presented him with a beautiful gold watch in recognition of the valuable additions he had made to geographical knowledge.

Whether in discouragement or prosperity, in disappointment or success, the bishop never wearied. When old age and illness brought weakness, he never ceased to work for his people. When he was called to lay down his work on earth he was busily engaged in translating the Prayer Book into the Hausa language,

and was just about to set out on a trip to one of his mission stations.

On August 4, 1898, a white marble monument was unveiled in the presence of a great audience in the cemetery of Lagos. White people and black people were gathered together to see the unveiling, for the white people and the black people had given the money for the beautiful stone. On it are engraved the words:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
THE RIGHT REV. SAMUEL ADJAI CROWTHER, D.D.,
A NATIVE OF OSHOGÚN, IN THE YORUBA COUNTRY;
A RECAPTURED AND LIBERATED SLAVE;
THE FIRST STUDENT IN THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S COLLEGE,
AT FOURAH BAY, SIERRA LEONE;
ORDAINED IN ENGLAND BY THE BISHOP OF LONDON, JUNE 11TH, 1843;
THE FIRST NATIVE CLERGYMAN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND
IN WEST AFRICA,
CONSECRATED BISHOP JUNE 29TH, 1864.
A FAITHFUL, EARNEST AND DEVOTED MISSIONARY IN CONNECTION WITH
THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY FOR 62 YEARS,
AT SIERRA LEONE, IN THE TIMINI AND YORUBA COUNTRIES,
AND IN THE NIGER TERRITORY;
HE ACCOMPANIED THE FIRST ROYAL NIGER EXPEDITION IN 1841;
WAS A JOINT FOUNDER WITH OTHERS OF THE YORUBA MISSION IN 1845,
AND FOUNDER OF THE NIGER MISSION IN 1857;
AND OF THE SELF-SUPPORTING NIGER DELTA PASTORATE IN 1891;
HE FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS AT LAGOS, ON THE 31ST DECEMBER, 1891,
AGED ABOUT 89 YEARS.

"WELL DONE, THOU GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT . . . ENTER THOU INTO THE JOY OF THY LORD."—MATT. XXV. 21.

"REDEEMED BY HIS BLOOD."

A BELIEVER IN BLACK FOLK

I felt that I had the honor of the whole African race on my shoulders.

—*Frances Jackson Coppin.*



FRANCES JACKSON COPPIN

A BELIEVER IN BLACK FOLK

Frances Jackson Coppin first opened her eyes in the District of Columbia. One of her earliest memories is of the tiny one-room cabin where her black grandmother lived, to which she was often sent to keep "Mammy" company. Mammy was a slave, and so was Frances' mother, and so too was the little black girl herself. But mammy's husband, Fanny's grandfather, managed to save enough money to buy his liberty, and as soon as he was free he went to work to earn money to purchase his children. He finally succeeded in freeing four of them, including his daughter, Sarah. Sarah had always been devoted to her bright little niece, Fanny, and her first decision after she was free was that she would secure little Fanny's liberty. She soon found work at six dollars a month, and each month she put away every cent she could possibly spare, until finally she had saved the $125 which were needed to purchase Fanny.

By the time Fanny was free she was quite a big girl, old enough to go to school and passionately eager for a chance for an education. So her aunt Sarah sent her to another aunt, who lived in New Bedford, Massachusetts, hoping that there Fanny could find a place to work for her board and go to school at the

same time. Her aunt succeeded in securing a place for the child with a family who promised that she might go to school whenever she was not at work, but Fanny soon found that she could never be spared on wash days, nor ironing days, nor cleaning days, and needless to say her education did not progress very rapidly while she was in this home.

When she was fourteen, an aunt by marriage invited her to Newport with her, promising her a home and a better chance to go to school. But eager as Fanny was for an education, she was not willing to be dependent upon her aunt, who had much kindness of heart but little money, and although she went with her to Newport she was determined to support herself. She soon secured a position in the home of a family named Calvert, who let her have one hour to herself every other afternoon. This arrangement did not, of course, offer any possibility of attendance at school, but Fanny found some one who would give her private lessons, and she made the very most of her three free hours a week. She was almost as eager for a chance to study music as to go to school, and out of her weekly wages she paid for a music lesson each week, practising whenever she could find any time, on a piano which she rented and kept in her aunt's home.

Her life in the Calvert home was a very pleasant one, for Mrs. Calvert had no children and treated Fanny more as a daughter than as a servant, teaching her many of the things which a mother teaches her daughter and giving her an unusual share in the life

of the home. But comfortable and well cared for as she was, Fanny was content to stay only long enough to earn the money which she needed to take her to school.

"My life there was most happy," she says, "and I never would have left her, but it was in me to get an education and to teach my people. This idea was deep in my soul. Where it came from I cannot tell, for I had never had any exhortations nor any lectures which influenced me to take this course." "Fanny, will money keep you?" Mrs. Calvert asked her, sympathizing with the girl's ambition, but dreading to part with her. "But," says Mrs. Coppin, "that deep-seated purpose to get an education and become a teacher to my people yielded to no inducement of comfort or temporary gain."

For a few months Fanny went to the public school for colored children in Newport, and then entered the Rhode Island State Normal School, at Bristol.

"But, having finished the course there," she says, "I felt that I had just begun to learn."

In some way she heard of Oberlin College,[1] the only college in the United States which was then open to colored students, and she determined that she would go there and take the college course. Her aunt Sarah, who was increasingly proud of the clever, ambitious niece whose freedom she had purchased, gave her money for the journey; Bishop Payne, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, gave her a

[1] At Oberlin, Ohio.

scholarship of nine dollars a year; and she was soon hard at work at Oberlin.

The Oberlin faculty did not advise their women students to take the course planned for the men, which included a great deal of Latin and Greek and higher mathematics. But women were not forbidden to enter this course, and Fanny Jackson, whose ambition and courage knew no bounds, at once enrolled herself in it.

"I took a long breath," she says, "and prepared for a delightful contest."

"I never rose to recite in my classes at Oberlin," she once said, "but that I felt that I had the honor of the whole African race upon my shoulders. I felt that, should I fail, it would be ascribed to the fact that I was colored."

Many years after she had left Oberlin she recalled her excitement when her Greek professor announced that he was planning to visit the mathematics class to which she belonged. "I was particularly anxious to show him that I was as safe in mathematics as in Greek," she said. "I indeed was more anxious, for I had always heard that my race was good in the languages, but stumbled when they came to mathematics." Probably few triumphs ever gave her more pleasure than the brilliant recitation in mathematics which she made in the presence of her Greek professor that day.

Oberlin offered no French in its curriculum, but Fanny had had a beginning in that language when she was at the Rhode Island State Normal School, and

when she found that a professor at Oberlin was willing to give her private French lessons, she could not resist the temptation to add them to her regular college work. When commencement time came her graduation essay was distinguished among its fellows in that it was written in French!

In addition to her studies, Fanny Jackson did practise teaching in the preparatory school, and helped to support herself at Oberlin by giving music lessons to sixteen private pupils. She was also a member of the famous student choir of Oberlin. During the latter part of her college life a great many of the Negroes whom the war had freed poured into Ohio from the South and a number of them settled in Oberlin. Their helplessness and lack of education made an instant appeal to Fanny Jackson, and in her senior year she added an evening class for them to her already heavy schedule.

"It was deeply touching to me to see the old men painfully following the simple words of spelling, so intensely eager to learn," she said, and she could not turn away from an opportunity to help them.

Her college days were more than busy, but they were thoroughly happy, for she had at last won the opportunity to prepare herself to work for her race, and she was in the midst of the most congenial and kindly people. During the greater part of her college life she lived in the home of Professor and Mrs. Peck, and she never failed to acknowledge her debt to the influence of that Christian home. Nor did she ever

forget the sympathy and friendship of her fellow students. "One day at Mrs. Peck's," she wrote long afterward, "when we girls were sitting on the floor getting our Greek, Miss Sutherland from Maine suddenly stopped, and looking at me said: 'Fanny Jackson, were you ever a slave?' I said 'Yes,' and she burst into tears. Not another word was spoken by us, but those tears seemed to wipe out a little of what was wrong."

The year before Fanny Jackson's graduation the faculty of the Institute for Colored Youth, of Philadelphia, applied to Oberlin for a colored woman teacher of Latin, Greek, and higher mathematics. The Oberlin faculty at once responded: "We have the woman, but you must wait a year for her." The school waited, and a year later the class poet of the class of '65 began her work in the school with which she was intimately associated for thirty-seven years.

The Institute for Colored Youth had always attracted a great deal of attention, and was constantly visited by people from all over the United States and Europe. Miss Jackson's classes were of special interest to visitors, and she never needed to be ashamed of the work her students were doing. One visitor, who listened to her class in Horace dealing with some particularly difficult meters, was so delighted with their work that he presented their teacher with the copy of Horace which he had used in college. At another time Miss Jackson invited an English nobleman, who had been listening to a public examination of one of

her classes, to take the class and examine them further. But the Englishman promptly declined the invitation with the remark: "They are more capable of examining me; their proficiency is simply wonderful."

Four years after Miss Jackson went to Philadelphia the principal of the Institute for Colored Youth was called to Haiti, as United States Minister, and the school was left in charge of Professor Octavius Catto and Miss Jackson, Mr. Catto taking special responsibility for the boys' department, Miss Jackson being in charge of the girls' work.

Soon after the management of the school was entrusted to Mr. Catto and Miss Jackson, they abolished the work in Greek and Latin. There was an increasing demand for their students as teachers in public schools, where Latin and Greek were not taught, but a thorough training in the three Rs, geography, history, literature, and science, was required. After the work in the classics was dropped, added emphasis was laid on these other subjects and Miss Jackson established a course in normal training in which the young people who were to be teachers were trained in the theory of teaching, school management, and similar subjects. The successful work done by the scores and hundreds of colored teachers who received their training in the normal department of the Institute is a strong testimony to the character and thoroughness of the work Miss Jackson gave them.

Fanny Jackson was not satisfied, however, with the addition of a normal department to the Institute. She

felt that the school had succeeded splendidly in its original purpose of proving that the Negro was as capable of advanced education as any one, and that its task after the close of the war must be a very different one. She was more than glad to drop Greek and Latin from the course, for she felt that a knowledge of the dead languages would be of little or no use to the great majority of her race, and she was heartily glad to add a normal department for the training of those who purposed to teach. But she could not rest until the Institute had made provision for the great masses of young Negroes who must support themselves in other ways than by teaching, and she set her heart and mind upon the establishment of an industrial department.

Not long after the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition of 1876, a group of prominent educators of Philadelphia met to discuss the question of what ought to be done in the way of industrial training, and Miss Jackson was asked to tell what was being done for the industrial education of the young colored people of Philadelphia.

"It may well be understood that I had a tale to tell!" she says, "and I told them the only places in the city where a colored boy could learn a trade, was in the House of Refuge or the Penitentiary, and the sooner he became incorrigible and got into the Refuge, or committed a crime and got into the Penitentiary, the more promising it would be for his industrial training. It was to me a serious occasion. I so expressed myself. As I saw building after building go-

ing up in this city and not a single colored hand employed in the construction it made the occasion a very serious one to me."

The day after this meeting the wife of one of the school directors drove up to the Institute and said to Miss Jackson: "I was there last night and heard what you said about the limitations of the colored youth, and I am here to say that, if the colored people will go ahead and start a school for the purpose of having the colored youth given this greatly needed education, you will find plenty of friends to help you. Here are fifty dollars to get you started, and you will find as much behind it as you need." "We only needed a feather's weight of encouragement to take up the burden," Mrs. Coppin said, in telling of this incident. "We started out at once."

A temporary organization was formed to establish the industrial department, and Miss Jackson was made its field agent. Her task was not an easy one. It takes much money to equip an industrial school, and the colored people to whom she turned for help had little to give. But she was determined that the foundations of the industrial work should be laid by the people for whose benefit it was established. If they, out of their poverty, gave for this cause, she knew that she would have a most convincing plea to make to those who could offer larger contributions. Before she could win the gifts of her race, however, she must win their interest and belief in industrial work, for to some of them manual labor was still associated with slavery;

and it was not always easy to make them see that it was as dignified and valuable as professional work. But Fanny Jackson's arguments and eloquence were irresistible and her people rallied around her in Philadelphia and its suburbs, in New York, in Washington, and wherever she went. She would never ask for a gift larger than a dollar, and the industrial department was started with a sum which amounted to a little less than three thousand dollars. "Three thousand dollars was a mere drop in the bucket," Mrs. Coppin said afterward, "but it was a great deal to us, who had seen it collected in small sums—quarters, dollars, and like amounts." It was characteristic of Fanny Jackson's thoroughness that she prepared for what she called her "industrial crusade" by a two years' study of political economy under Dr. William Elder, of Philadelphia.

Soon the industrial department was well established in a building the brickwork of which had been made by the students. Classes in plastering, carpentry, shoemaking, printing, and tailoring were provided for the boys; dressmaking and millinery for the girls; and cooking, stenography, and typewriting for both boys and girls. Thus several years before Tuskegee was established the Institute for Colored Youth had undertaken the task of furnishing a thorough industrial training to its students.

One of the greatest difficulties in the beginning of this work was that of finding employment for the graduates after they had learned their trades. In order to bring the industrial work of the school before the

public, Mrs. Coppin established an Industrial Exchange, and held several exhibits of work by the pupils. Both colored and white people attended these exhibits, and signified their interest and approval most encouragingly. Visits to the school itself did even more than exhibits to convince people of the value of the work done there. "Many were the ejaculations of satisfaction at this busy hive of industry," said Mrs. Coppin. "Ah," said some, "this is the way the school should have begun; the good Quaker people began at the wrong end." But Fanny Jackson did not agree with this statement. "When they began this school," she said, "the whole South was a great industrial plant where the fathers taught the sons and the mothers taught the daughters, but the mind was left in darkness. That is the reason that John C. Calhoun is said to have remarked: 'If you will show me a Negro who can conjugate a Greek verb, I will give up all my preconceived ideas of him;' so that the managers had builded wiser than many people knew."

In 1881 Miss Jackson was married to the Rev. Levi J. Coppin. Her marriage did not, however, affect her relation to the Institute. She continued to be its principal for over twenty years more, and found time also to care for her home, and to take an active part in the work of her church.

Mrs. Coppin seems always to have made a strong impression as a public speaker. At one time Dr. James McAllister, then superintendent of the public schools

of Philadelphia, declined an invitation to speak to the parents and pupils of the Octavius Catto School, on the plea of many other engagements. When, however, he was told that Mrs. Coppin was to speak on the same occasion he decided to accept the invitation after all, for, he said, "I must surely hear Mrs. Coppin, for I consider her the very best speaker on methods of instruction I have ever heard, either abroad or in America."

In 1902 Mrs. Coppin resigned the principalship of the Institute for Colored Youth in order to go to South Africa, where her husband had been appointed Bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. Here, although no longer young, she began the most arduous work she had ever attempted, under very difficult conditions. Traveling in South Africa was slow and very tiring and trying, but Mrs. Coppin unhesitatingly accompanied her husband far into the interior, at one time going as far as Bulawayo, 1,360 miles from their base of operations at Cape Town. The headquarters at Cape Town to which they returned after their long trips were not the most comfortable or restful, but Mrs. Coppin says, "the one absorbing thought was, how shall we accomplish the work for which we left our homes?"

The condition of the colored people in Cape Town at once aroused Mrs. Coppin's sympathy. The majority of the Negroes who had been born in or near Cape Town were of mixed blood, exceedingly poor, uneducated, and untrained. At the same time saloons

were plentiful in Cape Town, sometimes three in a block. "It surely cannot be difficult to imagine how easily a people so neglected in the higher ideals of life would turn to the drink habit as a mere pastime," Mrs. Coppin wrote.

The state of the pure-blooded Africans who came to Cape Town from the interior was no better. Most of them were employed in unloading ships or in work on the railroad, and were quartered in "locations" a mile or two beyond the city limits. Mrs. Coppin wrote of them, "The cabins or huts provided for them by the government at Cape Town are very inferior for comfort to those built by the natives in their rural habitat before being brought into contact with our so-called civilization. The Cape Town location for Negroes was on a tract of land that would be fairly flooded with water during the rainy season, and many who came down hale and hearty would return as consumptives—a disease practically unknown to the 'heathen'—or never return at all. The drink habit would soon be learned by these raw natives and their last state would be worse than the first."

Mrs. Coppin directed most of her energies in Cape Town toward organizing the women into Woman's Christian Temperance Union Societies. She not only succeeded in establishing a strong society in Cape Town itself, but started others at several near-by towns where there were mission stations.

"At our first annual session of the Conference which met at Port Elizabeth," Mrs. Coppin wrote, "the sight

of native and colored women at a missionary meeting was one of the features of the Conference; and a glorious and inspiring sight it was. Gathered about me on the platform and around the altar were women who had never before appeared in public for Christian work; at least, never before to take a leading part in it. They had been lately organized, and now they were called upon to do the work of officers, and to speak to the public gathering for themselves; some in Dutch—their mother tongue—some in broken English, and some in their own God-given native tongue."

The greater part of Mrs. Coppin's time and energy was, however, spent in the interior, going with her husband to the remote stations to teach the women of the Father-God, for love of whom she had come so far. The simple native folk made a strong appeal to her, and she looked back upon the years in Africa as very happy ones, in spite of their constant discomforts and hardships.

After their return from Africa the Coppins again made their home in Philadelphia. Mrs. Coppin's health did not permit her to take up her teaching again, but in response to the request of many friends she gave herself with great interest to the preparation of a book on *Reminiscences of School Life and Teaching,* the words of the dedication being, "To my beloved aunt, Sarah Orr Clark, who, working at six dollars a month, saved one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and bought my freedom." The final editing and publishing of the book was, however, done by her

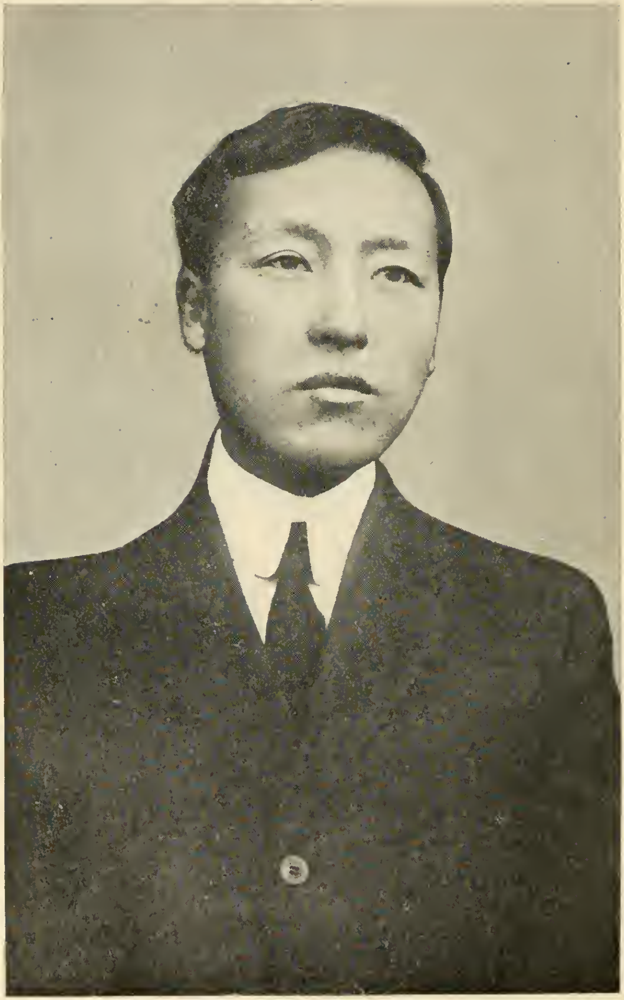
husband, for she had not finished her work when death came in January, 1913.

The latter part of Mrs. Coppin's book consists of biographical sketches of several young colored men and women who had been her pupils at the Institute, and whose useful lives are her best memorial. Her joy and pride in them were equaled only by their love and reverence for her. One of them who knew her best says:

"The chief characteristics of Mrs. Coppin were modesty and a most beautiful unselfishness; and because of these rare qualities she was ever ready to plead for the weak and oppressed. She always sought the advance of causes, and never that of self. It was these qualities combined with fine ability that made her the good, noble woman we all loved and honored, and whose memory and life-work we would perpetuate."

AN AMBASSADOR IN CHAINS

O God, save my country and save my soul.
—*Syngman Rhee.*



SYNGMAN RHEE

AN AMBASSADOR IN CHAINS

When Christian missionaries first entered Korea, the "Land of the Morning Calm," about thirty years ago, they found a people gentle, hospitable, friendly, and responsive, but a people desperately poor and improvident, a people from whom all ambition and hope seemed to have been crushed. Centuries of oppression by a corrupt and selfish government had left them patiently resigned to ill treatment and poverty, with no thought that conditions could ever be improved. The emperor was not naturally cruel, but he was weak and selfish, and thought very little of how he might serve his people, and a great deal of how they might enrich him. He seized the property of his rich subjects who were within reach of the capital; his provincial governors stole from the prominent men in their sections of the country; and petty officials preyed upon every one else. Officials were appointed, not because of honesty or ability, but because they could afford to pay for an office. The larger the amount paid, the higher the office secured. The old government of Korea, says one who was an official under it, was the worst in Asia, and as bad as that of Turkey. Of the emperor one of his subjects declared, "He handcuffed us, he robbed us, he paddled us, he hanged

and quartered us, he lived for himself alone and for his worn-out superstitions."

Into this country, under this government, Syngman Rhee was born. His parents were people of high class whose highest ambition for their only son was that he should become so proficient in the Confucian classics as to be able some day to compete in the government examinations and win the coveted literary degree, which was the passport, outwardly at least, to high government office. "My earliest recollections," Mr. Rhee says, "are associated with daily study of great books spread out before me, whole pages of which I was expected to commit to memory." The boy shared his parents' ambition and was very proud of his Confucian scholarship, very suspicious and contemptuous of the schools established by the foreign men of a strange religion from across the sea. Some of his friends left the old Confucian school to study "new things" in the schools of the foreigners, and often urged Rhee to join them and learn of the wonderful things which the people of the Western world had invented. They told him thrilling tales of railroads, telegraph lines, even of flying-machines, but Rhee turned a deaf ear, and deemed his friends traitors in going to a school which gave foreign education and taught of a religion other than that of their native country. "Let them change the order of heaven and earth," he declared, "I shall never give up my mother religion;" and he prayed the more earnestly to his idols

to destroy the religion of the "foreign devils" before it could work harm to his country.

In 1894, however, the China-Japanese war brought many changes in the "Land of the Morning Calm." Korea, with the rest of the Orient, began to ask why it was that the tiny Sunrise Kingdom had been able to defeat the great celestial empire so completely, and began to understand that the secret of Japan's power lay in the fact that she had been learning from the Western world, and had replaced medievalism with a thoroughly modern civilization. For the time being it was more important for young men who aspired to government positions to be familiar with the English language than the Confucian classics, and Syngman Rhee felt that he must learn English if his ambitions for government office were to be fulfilled. But if he were to study English he must go to the mission school, for it was not taught in the old Confucian schools. For days the boy struggled between his desire for English and his dislike and fear of the foreigners and the school they had established. He hated the "heaven-wicked doctrine" which was taught in the school, and feared that the missionaries would "bewitch" him into believing it by mysterious foreign medicines. He remembered how his mother had sent him every year, on his birthday, to the great Dwo Mookai Buddhist temple to offer sacrifices and prayers, and he did not dare tell her that he was even thinking of such an impious act as attendance at a Christian

school. Ambition finally conquered, however, and he entered the Pai Chai mission school.

Probably no more self-sufficient, independent, proud-spirited boy ever enrolled in the school. He was suspicious of the motives of those who had left their own distant country to come to teach in his; he hated the chapel services which all students were required to attend, listened as little as possible to what was said there, and scoffed at whatever he could not help hearing. When he left the school, he was apparently as unfriendly to Christianity as when he entered it. But while he had been learning the language of the country from which his teachers came he had caught much of the spirit. He had read of countries where the people were not oppressed as in Korea, of governments which were unselfish and patriotic, and his heart was fired with desire to bring to his nation the reforms so greatly needed. "Those who know anything about the political oppression to which the common mass of Korean people were mercilessly subjected would imagine what a revolution would have been wrought in the heart of a young Korean who heard for the first time in his life that the people in Christian lands were protected by a law against the tyranny of their rulers," he writes. "I said to myself, 'It would be a great blessing to my downtrodden fellow men if we could only adopt such a political principle.'"

Other young men, educated in Christian schools or Christian countries, were also filled with the purpose to make a mighty effort to right the wrongs of centuries,

and a strong Independence Club was organized and was for a time very influential. A broad and far-reaching policy of reform was attempted and a number of reforms were introduced. Syngman Rhee was one of the leading spirits in this movement, and was frequently pointed out by the conservatives as one of the most dangerous of the young progressives. He edited a small daily newspaper, the first newspaper ever published wholly by Koreans, in which he fearlessly preached the doctrines of liberty and equality. His missionary teachers warned him that such plain and frequent speaking on these subjects might cost him his life, but the little daily kept on appearing until its editor was suddenly thrown into prison. The influence of the reactionaries had finally triumphed with the emperor, and a sudden attack was made on the reform party. Armed police seized forty of the strongest of them, and the others escaped only by flight.

Words are inadequate to describe the prison into which Rhee was thrown. He and his fellow captives, educated, cultured men like himself, were herded together in one room like cattle, in company with the lowest criminals. Many were bound in torturing stocks, and the room was so crowded that even those not in stocks were often unable to lie down unless they lay on top of each other. The air was, of course, stifling; the sanitary conditions unspeakable, and dirt and vermin abounded everywhere. The food was filthy and often decaying, but the prisoners were in such a starved condition that the criminals, who were

physically stronger than the political prisoners and very unfriendly to them, often tore their portions away from them. The jailers, too, singled out the young reform leaders for especially cruel treatment.

These conditions were terrible in themselves, but the most excruciating torture was added to them, in order to wring confessions of crime from the prisoners, or to persuade them to give evidence against others. Syngman Rhee was one of those who suffered terrible torture. For seven long months his feet were in stocks, his hands bound in chains behind his back, and night and day he wore a wooden collar three feet long, two feet wide, and several inches thick around his neck. Small wonder that in that crowded, filthy room, unprotected from the heat of summer or the cold of winter, unable to lie down or shift his position in any way, Syngman Rhee envied those of his companions who were put to death, and waited impatiently for his own time to come.

One day the door of his cell was thrown open, and the prisoners were told that the officers were coming to lead one of them to execution. When they begged to know which one was to be taken, the guards pointed to Rhee. " I could not but rejoice," he says, " for I felt that even a bloody execution would be a happy relief to my awful sufferings. Surely my life was a living death. I just had time to commit to my fellow prisoner a message, which he faithfully promised, if possible, to carry to my dear grief-stricken parents, when the sheriff approached. Instead of seizing me

he laid his hands on the poor fellow next me, and dragged him forth to die like a dog, while I was left to writhe in agony."

Death had passed him by, but it had come so vividly near that it left Rhee very thoughtful. He felt certain that his execution was only a question of time, and he could not get away from the question, "What then?"

Death he did not fear, but what followed? The three religions of Korea gave him no satisfactory answer. Confucianism said nothing whatever of a life after death; Buddhism had no clear, sure teaching of it, and he had had too much education to believe in the degrading superstitions of Shamanism. In his need his mind went back to what he had heard in the chapel of the mission school—of a God who was so tender a Father that he had sent his Son to the world that men might know that he loved them and longed to have them turn to him that he might give them eternal life. As Rhee thought of these things he became almost overwhelmed with a sense of his sinfulness in having hardened his heart to the truth he had heard from the missionaries, and in having bitterly and publicly spoken against Christ. In his agony of remorse he dimly remembered having heard that God would forgive the sins of those who repented, and in the hour of his deepest need he turned humbly and penitently to his Father. He had never prayed, and he scarcely knew how, but bending his head as well as he could in the wooden collar which bound him, he cried, "O God, save my country, and save my soul." It was his

first prayer, and it is no wonder that it brought him a sense of peace and pardon. Each moment, as he sat bound in his stocks, he knew that he might hear the footsteps of those who, at his country's order, would take him to death, but he cried first, "O God, save my country!" and afterward, "Save my soul!"

"Ah, it was then, almost immediately," he cried, "such a sweet peace as I had never known came into my soul and filled my eyes with tears of joy." He began at once to tell his fellow prisoners and guards of the peace which was filling his heart, but he longed for a Bible that he might know and teach them more of the blessed truth to which he had given so little heed when he was in the mission school. At last one of the guards succeeded in smuggling a little Testament into the prison. One guard stood at the cell's little window to give warning of the approach of the jailer, and another held the book, while Rhee, hands fast bound behind him, eagerly read of the words of hope and comfort. "Day after day," he says, "I read with the tears streaming down my cheeks, and explained as best I could its wonderful truths to those about me." One by one the criminals who had been so unfriendly and the guards who watched over him found the same peace which had come to him, and finally even the jailer, like the one who guarded the apostle Paul at Philippi, believed, and was baptized with all his house.

Syngman Rhee was not executed, but was sentenced to prison for life. After the jailer's conversion, how-



POLITICAL PRISONERS

Mr. Rhee standing at left

ever, he was moved from the crowded cell into one which was larger and more comfortable and from which he could reach a larger number of prisoners. He organized a number of the prisoners into a school and with the jailer's help secured text-books for them. Arithmetic, geography, history, political economy, and English were studied, but the Bible and the Christian religion were the subjects which received the most earnest attention. Man after man became a Christian, and Rhee organized a little church in the prison. Of course the news of Rhee's conversion brought great joy to the missionaries, who had never lost their touch with him, and they did everything in their power to help him in the work he was carrying on among the prisoners. Dr. Appenzeller, principal of the Pai Chai School, and Dr. Bunker, who had succeeded in securing permission to hold evangelistic services in the imperial prison, were able to send him a number of books and papers for his school, and the little reading room which he had established. At their suggestion, too, Rhee undertook to translate several English books of various kinds into Korean. A part of one of these manuscripts, written on rough brown paper and stained with prison soil, is still in the possession of one of the missionaries.

Among Rhee's converts was Kim Hong-biu, one of the group of political prisoners. Before the day on which he was executed he was so fearfully tortured that his bones were broken, but his fellow prisoners said that he was one of the happiest men they had

ever seen. On the day set for his death his old father and mother and his wife and children came to the prison hoping to see him. They were not allowed to go in, but the guard said to Kim, "If you have some special message, I will take it to your father." Kim thought for a few minutes, then said: "Tell my people that this filthy house of suffering and torture has been a *pok-dang* (house of blessing) to me. I am glad I came here, for I have learned about Jesus Christ. Give them my Bible and tell them to believe in Jesus."

Another man won to Christ by Syngman Rhee was Yi Sang-jai, a veteran Korean statesman. He was for several years secretary of the Korean legation at Washington, and on his return to Korea became a member of the Independence party. He was at one time its vice-president, and later was secretary of the imperial cabinet of Korea. During all this time he was a vigorous opponent of Christianity, although some of his fellow reformers were earnest Christians. One of them once said to him, "You will yet remember Christ in prison," and the words came to Yi like a prophecy when, two years later, he and several of his friends were thrown into prison. There was death for some, and torture for many, but none suffered more than Yi Sang-jai, who was forced to see his son tortured before his eyes in a vain effort to make him confess some crime which would justify his father's execution. But he still refused to listen to any word of Christianity, and repulsed all Syngman Rhee's efforts to comfort him with the message of a God of love.

Gradually, however, almost imperceptibly at first, there came a change. At last Yi Sang-jai saw his opposition to Christianity as sin, and turned in penitence, as Rhee himself had done. From that time on he was as ardent a preacher of Christianity as he had been an opponent. Within two years after his release from prison Yi Sang-jai was made secretary of the emperor's cabinet, a position of great prominence and influence. Yet he said one day to the Rev. James S. Gale, a missionary friend, "I find myself longing for those old days in that hole of a prison. We had such blessed times in our study and communion there, and now I am so busy with these crowds of people and government affairs that I find it impossible to pray as much or read my books as I would like." Dr. Gale says that of five hundred people who some time ago joined the church to which Yi Sang-jai belongs a large proportion testified that they had become Christians as a result of his influence. After the change in government in Korea Yi Sang-jai became the Religious Work Director of the Young Men's Christian Association in Seoul.

Another fellow prisoner of Syngman Rhee noted for his opposition to Christianity was Kim Chung-sik. He was the chief of the Seoul police at the time that the Independence party was most active, and was not in sympathy with the reformers. But when he was ordered one day to take his men and shoot into a crowd of people who were listening to a reform speaker, he refused to sanction such an unjustified cruelty. By

this refusal he incurred the deep displeasure of the government and was soon sharing the fate of the reformers in the Seoul prison. He was finally induced to join the little group of men who were studying the Bible, and one of them gave him a copy of *Pilgrim's Progress,* which Rhee had succeeded in having brought into the prison. Kim's interest was at once awakened in this book, when he saw that Bunyan, like himself, was in prison because of his convictions. One day, after he had finished reading it and was studying a leaflet by Dwight L. Moody, it seemed to him that Christ came into his cell, and looking into his face said, "Kim, give me your heart." "That was the happiest moment of my life," said Kim, "for I did it." After his release from prison he at once joined the Church, and soon afterward became interested in Christian work.

One day he and Yi Sang-jai went together to call on the old Minister of War, who was chiefly responsible for their imprisonment and suffering.

"Your Excellency was the cause of our being unjustly thrown into prison," they said to him frankly. "Some of us died in the prison; we were sick because of the food and filth; our wives and children nearly starved to death."

"I was tortured until one of the bones of my leg was broken," Kim told him, and Yi added, "You almost killed my son in order to get him to confess something which would give you an excuse to kill me."

"According to Korean codes we should try to kill

you now," they said, "but we have become Christians and are willing to forgive you. All that we ask of you is to confess your sins, believe in Jesus, and pray for forgiveness." The old man was touched by the plea of those whom he had so injured and promised that he would do as they urged him.

When in 1904 the Russo-Japanese war ended, Japan's first act was to occupy Korea by establishing what was virtually a protectorate. Almost immediately after Japan's occupation of the country (August 7, 1904) Syngman Rhee was released from prison. He had endured almost unbelievable hardship and suffering, but he says, looking back to the joy which his allegiance to Christ and work for him had brought, "I can never forget how thankful I was in that prison, and I shall ever remain thankful for all the blessings which I received during the years of my imprisonment." Eager to get the best possible preparation for the service of God and his people he went to America for a further education. He graduated from George Washington University, took his Master's degree from Harvard, and his Ph.D. in the Theological Department of Princeton. Upon his return to Korea he became an active member of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Seoul, and accepted a position as Student Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association. After several years of work in Korea he was asked to become the principal of the Korean school in Honolulu, and is now one of the leaders in Christian work in the Hawaiian Islands.

THE STORY OF A FRIEND

A friend is one who knows all about us and loves us just the same.

—*Grace H. Dodge.*

THE STORY OF A FRIEND

Where cross the crowded ways of life, where strength is crushed by joyless toil, where lips lose their laughter and hearts forget their hope, there walked not long ago a friend. And goodness and mercy followed her all the days of her life, for wherever she walked joy songs came back to tired hearts, and weary ways were trodden with gallant cheer, for all the needy and hungry ones had found a friend who cared. One day in the warm golden glow of the world's great Friendly Time, when her home was filled with lonely ones from distant lands across the sea, the radiant Lord of Christmas touched her eyes and bade them open to look upon the unveiled beauty of his face. Then there were heard in factory and office, in school and home, in city and country, in the homeland and far-away lands, the voices of the strong and weak, the great and little, the rich and poor, saying, "We have lost a friend." And those who loved most understandingly said, "We shall never again hear the word friend without thinking of Miss Dodge."

Grace Dodge began very early to walk the way of Friendly Hearts. A girl just out of school, she claimed as friends all other girls, and poured out her friendship in most abundant measure to those who needed

her most. Many of her friends were girls who worked for long hours in factories, and as her friendship with them grew she saw how many things there were which they did not know, and how few of them had any one to teach them. Always it was her way when she saw a need to do her utmost to meet it, so she gathered a group of these girls about her every week and very simply, very understandingly, talked with them about how to keep well and strong, how to use money wisely, how to dress, how to take care of sick folk, how to make friends, how to be the kind of person who is worthy of friends, and how to find strength and joy in fellowship with the Great Friend. Often she talked to them of the homes which they would some day make, and told them how to make the life-to-be a beautiful and radiant thing. She found that almost none of them could cook or sew, and she knew that they must somehow learn to do such things before they made these new homes. But there were no social settlements then where these subjects were taught, nor any industrial or night schools. So Miss Dodge found teachers and organized classes for the girls in cooking, sewing, and millinery. She did not wait for the girls to come to her but sought them out, and after they had once come they needed no further urging. They told the other girls whom they knew about their big-sister friend, and the first group grew until it had to be divided, and still the girls kept coming until there were not two but many "Clubs for Working Girls." When the membership in the clubs had grown into hun-

dreds, Miss Dodge asked other people to come in and help, and the girls loved them too, but not quite as they did Miss Dodge. "They're jolly, and fine for a good time," one of the girls explained, "but if it's trouble there's only Miss Dodge." There was nothing they feared to bring to this friend of theirs, they were so certain of her understanding and sympathy. They were sure that no one else would ever know the secrets they told to her, that no confession that they might make would ever shake her faith in them or cost them her love. She was their friend, and "a friend is one who knows all about us and loves us just the same."

Miss Dodge had no intention of losing her touch with her friends when they married and left the clubs for working girls. "The Domestic Circle" was formed for these married girls, and is now a strong independent organization, meeting its own expenses, planning its own programs, and inviting its own speakers. A warm personal letter went to its members every month from Miss Dodge. But it needed no organization to keep these women close to their helper; no girl who had ever known her friendship could drift away from her. "What did she really do for you?" some one once asked of a woman who had come into one of the clubs twenty years before. The woman's eyes rested on the little daughter who was standing at her knee, wandered over the attractive room of her home in which they were sitting, and then were raised to the visitor. "She made me," she answered quietly. "Everything that I

am is due to her," these friends of Miss Dodge often say. "I have been a member of her clubs for twenty years," one of them said not long ago. "When I started with her I knew—well, I knew just nothing. I learned to sew, to cook, to embroider, to keep house, to shop, and to have a good time. I was a raw factory girl. I had no mother and no home. God knows what would have become of me if it hadn't been for Miss Dodge." More than five thousand girls have been members of these clubs since Miss Dodge started them thirty years ago, and every one has been to Miss Dodge, not a "club member," but a friend.

Out of her friendship with many girls there was born in Miss Dodge the deep conviction that the schools ought to be teaching children how to use their hands as well as their heads. Many of her girl friends had not known how to do the simplest things about a house and had had no chance to learn until her clubs opened classes for them. It is hard to realize now, when there are great institutions especially for the teaching of the industrial arts, when these subjects are taught by many public schools, social settlements, Christian Associations, and other kindred organizations, that twenty-five years ago they were scarcely taught at all. Miss Dodge felt that they *must* be taught, and she and eleven other women organized the Kitchen Garden Association for the purpose of making people see this need. This Association grew into the Industrial Education Association, which opened a school for the teaching of such subjects in 1885. A

total of 1,904 students entered the school the first year, 4,383 the second; and it was not long before the purpose of the organization had been attained and a recognition of the value of industrial education secured. All the schools wanted industrial arts taught, but where were the men and women able to teach them?

Miss Dodge was a school commissioner at this time; the first woman who had ever held such a position in New York. Through her contact with the teachers she learned that many of them were eager for further training but saw no way of securing it. The need of such training and the fact that the industrial arts could not be taught in the schools unless there were men and women trained to teach them, convinced her that a teachers' training college was needed. To Miss Dodge the recognition of a need meant the necessity of meeting that need, and so Teachers' College came into being. One day as Miss Dodge was driving past the splendid buildings, full of teachers preparing for bigger, better service, she said quietly to a friend who was with her, "I dreamed that once."

But it was not because it was a beautiful dream come true, but because it was a great company of her friends, that Miss Dodge so loved Teachers' College. Dean Russell told its students the other day: "Not a day, certainly not a week, has passed since I became one of this group that she has not befriended in some material way a Teachers' College student or officer. We owe to her our students' emergency fund, which has restored to health hundreds of beneficiaries in hospital

or sanitarium. She has been the backer and chief supporter of our religious and social work, and in a thousand ways, characteristic of her gentle nature, she has guided us to a higher life."

For eight years Miss Dodge loved young women through the Young Women's Christian Association. As president of the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association of the United States, she poured the richness of her life into the lives of city girls and country girls, high school girls, and college girls, immigrant girls and Indian girls, colored girls and Oriental girls.

It is literal truth to say that there was no young woman anywhere who was beyond the bounds of Miss Dodge's interest. She was the friend of every girl from the Orient who had come to study in an American college. Those of them who lived near her knew well what a gracious hostess she was, and those in colleges farther away were sure of her Christmas greeting each year. They were her last guests; she was not strong enough to be with them that afternoon before she went away, but twice she sent some one to tell them how glad she was that they were there.

Miss Dodge's friendship for the girls of the world made her a most loyal supporter of the World's Student Christian Federation, that great Christian organization binding together the students of all countries. When the delegates of forty different nations came together at Lake Mohonk in 1913, for the biennial convention of the Federation, Miss Dodge was their



GREYSTON, RIVERDALE ON THE HUDSON

first hostess. Dainty little ladies from Japan, wistful-eyed women from Russia, eager-faced girls from China, timid folk from Finland in quaint white student caps, sturdy North American Indians, vigorous-thinking-and-speaking men and women from Germany, Great Britain, Portugal—every land under the sun almost—mingled together on "Greyston's" green lawn and felt no more strangers or foreigners, for, though some of them could not understand the words their hostess spoke, they knew that her eyes and hand-clasp had called them friends. It is because Miss Dodge cared for all girls that the World's Student Christian Federation has been able to send a woman secretary to organize women students into Christian movements in Russia, Germany, France, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, and other European countries, and to strengthen the work already begun in Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, and America.

More than forty years ago far-seeing missionary workers started a school for girls in Constantinople, for the purpose of giving Christian education to the young women of the Near East. As the years went on the opportunities of this school grew steadily. Girls came to it from every part of the Turkish empire, from Persia and Russia and the Balkan states, from Albania and the islands of the Ægean sea, and went out from it to be leaders. In 1904 the president of the college went to Miss Dodge and told her what this college could do in transforming the life of the Near East by opening its doors wide to young women, and

sending them out from their years of study under vital Christian influence to be strong, steady, educated leaders.

Miss Dodge at once responded to this call. She accepted membership on an advisory committee in New York, later she became a trustee, then vice-president of the board of trustees, and later the president of the board. The years during which she gave so much of her thought and strength and money to Constantinople College were perhaps the most critical period in its history. The revolution in Turkey occurred during this time, in 1908, and partly in consequence of it the college grew steadily both in numbers and in influence. The new government gave it protection and support and sent students to it on government scholarships; Mohammedans who a few years ago would have killed their daughters rather than permit them to go to a Christian school have sent their children there in large numbers. In 1914 there were sixty-three Mohammedan students enrolled. When Miss Dodge first came into the board, the college was housed in old and inadequate buildings at Scutari; now it is in a beautiful new home on the heights of Arneutkey; then there were less than sixty students in the college department, in 1914 there were one hundred and thirty-eight enrolled in college courses and a still larger number in the preparatory department. The last railroad journey Miss Dodge made was to Boston, to attend a meeting of the board of trustees of her beloved Constantinople College.

The Great Friend of all the world looked into the hearts of folks and found that some were weary and discouraged, some were crushed and helpless, some were lonely and hungry, some were cold and careless, some were selfish and sinful, and all were needing a friend. Then he looked up into his Father's face and said, "For their sakes, I consecrate myself." And she who followed in his steps said that to him. All that she had, all that she was, she consecrated in his name, to those who needed her friendship.

She consecrated her time to them. "Who within our acquaintance so rigidly economized and so wisely utilized this great talent?" asks one who worked with her. Her days were crowded full from early morning until evening, and she limited her summer vacations to two weeks. Few women, even among her working girl friends, were such hard workers as Miss Dodge, or had so little time to themselves. "I too am a working girl," she used to say, "only I happen to have had my wages paid in advance." Those who knew the colossal tasks to which Miss Dodge set her hand, and knew too her almost miraculous thoughtfulness in the "little kindnesses which most leave undone" could scarcely believe that she *could* do so much. The need of a world constrained her, and she could not waste time in which she might be serving. Yet she never seemed hurried. How often her mere presence, the contagion of her calmness, her quiet voice quoting, "Sit still, my daughter," have brought peace to those who were anxious about many things. "Here was

one who had no time to waste upon herself," says one who watched her life understandingly. "For their sakes" she spent her time for others, never for herself; for their sakes she carefully planned ahead the expenditure of every hour that each might be used to the greatest advantage; for their sakes she was so careful in the keeping of appointments that her promptness was proverbial and none can remember that she was ever even a little late for anything.

She consecrated her mind to the service of folks; that great, clear deep-thinking mind, which Pierpont Morgan called "the finest business brain in the United States, not excepting that of any man." Miss Dodge had wealth, but she might have had far greater wealth had she given her thought to business interests. It is doubtful, however, whether such an idea ever occurred to her; as her whole thought was to serve her friends, and she devoted the strength of her mind to their needs and problems. For their sakes she kept her mind big and free from prejudice. "Her great work," some one says, "was not only great because she brought to it abundant means and great business energy, but it was great because she came to everything with an absolutely open mind." For their sakes she thought deeply and fearlessly and far. It was not enough for her to look ahead five years or ten; she took, it has been said, "the hundred year view."

Few people have ever been so careful in the use of money as was Miss Dodge. "The wages paid in advance" were large, but never large enough to be used

for unnecessary luxuries. If Miss Dodge was ever extravagant it was not for her own but for her friends' pleasure. It did not take her long to decide to give many thousands to promote a cause that would benefit her friends, but she did not expend even a very small sum for something for her own use until careful thought had convinced her that it was a real necessity to her. And gifts big and little, to a great organization or to a person, went with the simple words "From a friend."

Once a guest from a far-away land of grinding poverty and desperate suffering was troubled because of the money expended in making Miss Dodge's homes in New York and Riverdale the places of beauty and comfort that they were. But before she went away she had begun to understand, for she had come to see something of the way in which Miss Dodge's homes were used. Miss Dodge did not count even her own home as hers to enjoy, but rather as an instrument for the service of her friends; and it was for their sakes that she made it restful and radiant. There were many large gatherings in both homes, meetings and conferences, dinners and luncheons, and week-end gatherings innumerable, none of them purposeless, but all of them for the sake of helping. It would be interesting to have a list of the organizations for the service of people which had their birth at 262 Madison Avenue, New York City. But Miss Dodge loved best of all to use her home to rest and refresh and cheer. Lonely folk were sure of a special welcome; tired folk

began to be rested the minute their hostess-friend greeted them; and troubled, struggle-worn folk found soothing and strength in the quiet of that House of Friendliness. Truly it was " a house by the side of the road," but the races of men did not go by; they turned in with their problems and heartaches and needs, and their friend saw them all, and from the sincere depths of a humble heart thanked them for coming. Few people have been so busy; few have been so absolutely accessible at all times.

" Her visitors," a close friend writes, " were young artists seeking engagements, brides who wanted her recommendation before opening a household charge account, invalids who wanted a change of climate, self-supporting women who had lent their savings on poor security, heiresses who wanted advice about charitable donations, lawyers who were drawing up their clients' wills, girls who wanted her to meet their fiancés, early schoolmates who loved to be in the mere presence of this unselfish worker, representatives of ill-conceived or immature projects, people with letters, salaried co-workers in the different movements who forgot the official tie and loved the personal acquaintance."

And whatever they had come for, all the folk who sought her went away gallant-hearted and glad-eyed, for to all of them she had given the golden gift of her faith in them, a faith which did not simply passively believe, but which was actively creative. " More than any woman of our generation," one who knew her well has said, " she was a builder and maker of

human character, and always by the method of faith. She agreed with Hocking when he says, 'What I believe of my fellow men goes far to determine what my fellow men actually are.'" She was a friend of folks, and "a friend is one who summons us to our best." One of those who knew her best says, "There was refuge in her presence. She was certain to understand." Yes, she was like the shadow of a great rock, but she was also like fountains of living water. Literally hundreds found not only refuge and rest in her presence, but in her splendid faith in them they found too a new vigor and a courage all but lost.

It was a shining thing, that faith of hers, born not of lack of knowledge, but of years of experience with folks, all kinds of folks, folks who had failed and failed and failed again, as well as those who had marched gallantly and steadily onward. Often and often it was the faith that is veritably the substance of things *hoped for,* but unseen, but it was a faith that never wavered, never grew dim, never lost its joyous confidence.

One thing more Miss Dodge gave to each of the hundreds of those who called her friend—herself. Her correspondence was colossal, but no letter, however full of business it might be, ever lacked the warm, living throb of a friendly heart. She could not have been impersonal. Although writing was very painful, because of a form of writer's cramp from which she suffered for years, she wrote hundreds of notes by hand that she might give herself more completely in

them. Those that had to be dictated were always personally signed and sent in envelopes addressed by her. She was sure to learn of illness, however slight, and, if she were too far away to come herself, her flowers or a thoughtful note were always there. She who ever carried the burden of great organizations and great causes in her mind and on her heart always had time for the little things which other people were too busy to remember. Perhaps none of her relatives will miss her quite so much as those older ones who for the first time in many years are failing to receive the weekly letter which meant more and more to them as the years went on. Painful though writing was, her service through letters was unceasing. Every Monday morning for twenty years the postman stopped at the door of a little home where one of her "girls" lived, with a friendly message from Miss Dodge. Another one of those girls had had her weekly note for thirty years. Several of them treasure warm afghans which Miss Dodge somehow found time to crochet for them during the full years when an invalid mother claimed her thought and care. If Miss Dodge thought some one in a meeting which she was attending looked exhausted, the tired one found a carriage at the door to take her home. Her own automobile was busy during such meetings taking an invalid or a group of little children for an outing. Children were such a constant joy to her! All the babies in her own family and the families of her friends cuddled into her great warm heart and found it one of the coziest, sunshini-

est nooks in the big new world into which they had come.

Miss Dodge was never too busy to think of folks who were strangers and might be lonely. A visitor to New York loves to remember what happened on her wedding anniversary, which bade fair to be a dismal day because her husband had unexpectedly been prevented from joining her. Somehow Miss Dodge learned of this disappointment, and a box of wonderful roses and carnations and violets straightway carried a sympathetic message to the forlorn little lady. "Oh, she loves me and understands me, and she wishes me to know it; and she has sent me so many flowers that I may have the pleasure of giving some of them to others," was the little woman's first thought, and she almost forgot her disappointment in sharing the flower messengers with a young bride who found the strange great city a lonely place, with a brave working girl making a plucky fight against heavy odds, and a tired invalid.

After all it was the best gift Miss Dodge had to give—that of herself, and it was that gift more than all the others that won for her the trust of those who did not trust easily, and the love of all kinds of people. They all claimed her as their personal friend. Some one said to a company of girls the other day, "I want to call you 'dear girls,' as Miss Dodge would have done." But these working girls who had known her whispered to each other, "*No;* she would have said 'dear *friends.*'" It was the joy of knowing Miss

Dodge her friend, that sent a little cleaning woman to her employer, face ashine, because she had seen a letter addressed to her in the hall. "Oh, do you know her too?" she exclaimed, and those two friends of hers sat down together and talked of her, the cleaning all forgotten. After she had gone two little working girls were talking together in a street-car. "We've lost our best friend," they said. "She was everybody's friend, but she loved girls most. That's why she was so interested in the Young Women's Christian Association. Nobody ever went to her but what they found a friend." The one who heard did not need any name to tell her of whom they were speaking. Everywhere the same thing was being said in many different letters, from many different lips,—"she was my best friend,"—the very same words, over and over again.

Few people have ever given so lavishly of so many things as did Miss Dodge; and few have ever been so unconscious of the greatness and the value of their gifts. She who faced tremendous tasks with magnificent courage, often gave very timidly. Invitations to her home were offered with diffidence, and the assurrance that they need not be accepted if it would be in any way inconvenient. Then, when the guests tried after they had gone to write her a little of how much the visit had meant, she wrote them to say how much she appreciated their kindness in coming. Her gratitude for the acceptance of her wonderful gifts almost wrung the heart, in its unconsciousness of the value of what she gave. It was this deep, genuine

humility which made her shrink from any kind of publicity or acclaim, which made her as some one has said, "The most prominent, least known woman in America."

And it is partly because she was so humble that she was so great. She felt that she could learn of every one. She knew that she needed her friends and what they could give her, even as they needed her and what she could give them. In the superb strength of her womanhood she often turned aside to the hospital where one of her factory friends lay for many months, seeking her advice and guidance in her work for girls. When she took up the presidency of the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association she did it very humbly; but she said that she could not have done it at all had it not been for what her girl friends had taught her.

Truly, as one who watched her beautiful pilgrimage with understanding eyes says, Miss Dodge was of that company who "in a strong light shrink aside; yet walk in a radiance all their own, their faces alight with the serenity we call divine, the plainest countenance among them beautified by inward peace. Of all who came into the observer's view none are as fettered as these, none as little free to go their own way, to live their lives at ease apart. Not if great riches be theirs can they roam whereso'er they wish and spend themselves as they please, for their hearts are no longer theirs, nor even their hands: the first they have given away to all mankind; the second serve others, but

them no longer. Theirs are the heaviest chains of servitude willingly borne as though the wearers felt them not, though deeply they cut into the flesh. By them no appeal can go unanswered; their fate is to respond, quiveringly, to every note of suffering and of need. In their souls has been kindled 'the passionate pity for the joyless,' for them the purest visions of youth have not faded, nor altered." [1]

"To respond, quiveringly, to every note of suffering and of need." A friend of folks will always suffer much. Every trouble that came to one of her friends meant keen pain to Miss Dodge's great heart. Rainy days always hurt her because her girls were out in the storm and she could not shield them. The great European war broke her heart. From all over the world letters and cablegrams came to her bringing piteous appeals. She gave to the uttermost, and suffered agony because she could do no more. One who was near her in those days says: "She is the first of my personal friends to be killed by the war." It costs to be a friend of folks—to folks of all the world.

But it pays to be a friend of folks—to folks of all the world. The world is nearer the heart of the Great Friend to-day, because this child of his was willing to pay the cost, and, holding fast to his hand, looking up into his eyes, trod the Way of Friendly Hearts with unfaltering feet.

[1] Oswald Garrison Villard in the *Association Monthly*, March, 1915.

Mission Study Courses

"Anywhere, *provided it be* FORWARD."—*David Livingstone.*

Prepared under the direction of the
MISSIONARY EDUCATION MOVEMENT
OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

EDUCATIONAL COMMITTEE: G. F. Sutherland, *Chairman;* A. E. Armstrong, J. I. Armstrong, Frank L. Brown, Hugh L. Burleson, W. W. Cleland, W. E. Doughty, H. Paul Douglass, Arthur R. Gray, R. A. Hutchison, B. Carter Milliken, John M. Moore, John H. Poorman, T. Bronson Ray, Jay S. Stowell.

The Forward Mission Study Courses are an outgrowth of a conference of leaders in young people's mission work, held in New York City, December, 1901. To meet the need that was manifested at that conference for mission study text-books suitable for young people, two of the delegates, Professor Amos R. Wells, of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, and Mr. S. Earl Taylor, Chairman of the General Missionary Committee of the Epworth League, projected the Mission Study Courses. These courses have been officially adopted by the Missionary Education Movement, and are now under the immediate direction of the Educational Committee of the Movement. The books of the Movement are now being used by more than forty home and foreign mission boards and societies of the United States and Canada.

The aim is to publish a series of text-books covering the various home and foreign mission fields and problems and written by leading authorities.

The following text-books having a sale of over 1,500,000 have been published:

1. The Price of Africa. Biographical. By S. Earl Taylor.
2. Into All the World. A general survey of missions. By Amos R. Wells.
3. Princely Men in the Heavenly Kingdom. Biographical. By Harlan P. Beach.
4. Sunrise in the Sunrise Kingdom. Revised Edition. A study of Japan. By John H. DeForest.
5. Heroes of the Cross in America. Home Missions. Biographical. By Don O. Shelton.
6. Daybreak in the Dark Continent. Revised Edition. A study of Africa. By Wilson S. Naylor.
7. The Christian Conquest of India. A study of India. By James M. Thoburn.
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